

# American Monthly Magazine

VOL. V. WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1894. NO. 3.

## CORNWALLIS IN VIRGINIA.

[Read before the Old Dominion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, April 16, 1894.]

THE complete defeat of General Gates at Camden "withered the laurels snatched at Saratoga," and the immediate appointment of some other officer to the command in the South became necessary. Congress very wisely decided that Washington should make this appointment, its own previously determined selection of Gates having proven so serious a mistake. On October 14, 1780, Washington appointed General Greene commander of the Southern Army, a post of great difficulty and danger. Greene's assumption of the command marks the turning point in the tide of disaster in the American Revolution, as well as the beginning of the ultimate expulsion of the British from the American Colonies. From the very first of the war Greene had been Washington's right arm, "and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service he was scarcely inferior to" Washington himself. In the summer of the year in which Greene received this appointment the brave and patriotic Daniel Morgan, having been made a brigadier-general, was transferred to the Southern Army. Greene was accompanied South by the distinguished Polish engineer, Kosciusko, and by the gallant "Light Horse Harry" Lee, with his renowned legion of cavalry—both men sent by Washington's order. Joined to these men in the South we find the superb young cavalry commander, Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Washington, who had so distinguished himself at Trenton and was destined

to distinguish himself far more at the Cowpens. In this same year the Baron Steuben had been placed in command in Virginia, charged with the duty of collecting and forwarding supplies and reinforcements to Greene and in warding off the forces sent by Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief, to the Chesapeake. This Southern combination, so far as the men in command were concerned, was a remarkably strong one. The American Army itself in the South, as in the North, was weak in numbers, but the commanders were men of military genius, capable of accomplishing great results with small means. That this combination had been formed by the direct orders of Washington shows how important he felt affairs at the South to be. To this section his own military instinct was turning more and more; with his wonderful foresight he realized that some decisive blow was to be struck there. No such combination as this could exist long without some marked result. The result was a very rapid change in the aspect of affairs.

January 17, 1781, Morgan won his brilliant victory at the Cowpens, withdrew in good order, and united his army with that of Greene. This unexpected reverse on the part of the British was a bitter disappointment to their Southern commander, Lord Cornwallis, who, despite the misfortune, still exhibited a courageous spirit in his resolve to defeat, if possible, the combined American Army. Should success attend this effort, his purpose then was to join, as soon as expedient, the British forces in the Chesapeake. The result of Lord Cornwallis's decision was the battle of Guilford Court-House, a sharp and bloody fight, in which the British had the advantage, but, on account of severe losses, were unable to follow it up, and, instead, were forced to retreat, with General Greene in hot pursuit. Cornwallis succeeded, however, in getting his weakened army over the Deep River and escaping to Wilmington, North Carolina, whence he found it wise to push on, transferring the seat of war to the Chesapeake, much more hastily than he had anticipated, and certainly in a manner which his ambition would never have directed. Thus it is seen, through Greene's appointment to command in the South, Cornwallis

was forced into Virginia, within reach of Washington, as time proved, and the whole aspect of the war thereby altered. When Cornwallis thus suddenly determined to retreat into Virginia his hope was to combine with his own broken army the forces of Arnold and of Phillips, who had already been some time in that section, destroying life and property ruthlessly as they went. Once there, reinforced by the British troops then on Virginia soil, Lord Cornwallis thought it would be an easy matter to strike a heavy blow in the Old Dominion, after which he might find it convenient to invade the Carolinas from the north.

Arriving at Petersburg in the month of May, Cornwallis was saddened and disappointed to find that General Phillips—"the proudest man," Jefferson said, "of the proudest nation upon the earth"—had died a week before, burnt up with fever. Cornwallis seemed not to care for the coöperation of Benedict Arnold, who was recalled to New York, the earl himself assuming entire command of the British forces in Virginia. Cornwallis's conduct at this time, and in fact during the few remaining months of his American career, called forth the serious condemnation of Sir Henry Clinton and became the occasion of a bitter controversy between the two generals. Though disapproved by Clinton, Cornwallis's conduct received the sanction of the British ministry, whose decisive orders were that he should remain in the Chesapeake and take a permanent post in that region. In pursuance of this plan entreaties are sent to Sir Henry Clinton for reinforcements. All through the Virginia campaign these entreaties are earnestly repeated. Every stage of the game is described minutely to Sir Henry, who is implored to come and deliver Lord Cornwallis from the trap in which he has been unwittingly caught. Excuses and delays on the part of Sir Henry, who even indulges his ill-humor to the extent of sending requests himself to the Chesapeake for reinforcements. All the while the net is drawn tighter and tighter about Lord Cornwallis, and the repeatedly asked for reinforcements do not come. It is the opinion of many discriminating military critics and unprejudiced historians that Sir Henry Clinton was suffering from intense jealousy of Lord

Cornwallis, and here they rest the explanation of his conduct. Sir Henry Clinton, upheld by other military critics and historians, claimed that his disapproval of Lord Cornwallis was justifiable, and that his own delays and excuses were the result of legitimate causes. However this may be, the fact remains that Sir Henry, stationed at New York, did nothing to simplify matters for his embarrassed colleague in Virginia, but rather increased his difficulties by loudly censuring his actions. Wherever the truth may lie, it is known that, despite his ultimate failure at Yorktown, Lord Cornwallis possessed sufficient cleverness and tact to retain the approval of the English ministry, which statement might open a very interesting discussion, as the ministry formed under Lord North was possibly the most stupid which England has ever been called upon to endure.

The year 1781 is marked in American affairs by the invasion of Virginia. It is strange that it had not come before; her seacoasts were undefended, the country entirely without military posts, and the population absolutely drained of its fighting material. Surely here was an inviting field upon which the enemy might hope to play an important and successful rôle. It is very difficult to convey a correct impression of the gloom and despondency of the whole country at that time. We are too much inclined to remember Yorktown and forget what preceded it. To those capable of judging correctly, the American cause was in a most desperate condition. Every one, from North to South, was nearly in despair. Washington, always wise and far-seeing, realized that a crisis had come when something decisive must be done or the real independence for which he had striven so long and so patiently would be lost in a conditional peace. The country's resources had been exhausted, the bravest men had commenced to ask "if the game was worth the candle." The Army was in the most wretched condition, "poorly clothed, badly fed, and worse paid, some of them not having received a paper dollar for near twelve months; exposed to winter's piercing cold, to drifting snows and chilling blasts, with no protection but old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls, and but one blanket between three men," as reported by General Wayne; "and worse than all," says Cooke, "the



enemy had seized the occasion to circulate proclamations among them (the Americans) to desert their flag. Even Washington almost despaired, and all his hope now was from a foreign loan."

The invasion of Virginia was commenced by Benedict Arnold, who appeared in the Chesapeake in December, 1780. In the following month he sailed up James River to Westover. Landing there, he marched, with his force of nine hundred men, on Richmond. The Baron Steuben, who was in command in Virginia, had just sent all the troops he could raise to the relief of General Greene, and so without opposition, except from two hundred militia, who soon retreated up the river, Arnold entered the town, then composed of about three hundred houses, and forthwith proceeded to burn the warehouses and public buildings. Arnold's occupancy of Richmond was of very short duration. After doing all the damage in his power he returned to Westover and thence to Portsmouth, harassed all the way by the Virginia militia.

In April of the same year General Phillips, commanding a force of twenty-five hundred men, ascended James River, drove off a body of militia at Petersburg, destroyed the warehouses there, and then marched toward Richmond, destroying as he went. He was forced, however, to pause, that place being defended by twelve hundred regulars under command of the ardent young Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, whom Washington had recently sent to defend his native State. Phillips returned to Petersburg and Lafayette hastened in the same direction, hoping to occupy the place before his arrival. Phillips's almost immediate death put an end to this enterprise, and a week later, in May, Cornwallis arrived, as already outlined, and took command of all the British forces in Virginia.

"The earl entertained great hopes of this undertaking," writes Mr. Fiske. "His failure in North Carolina rankled in his soul, and he was eager to make a grand stroke and retrieve his reputation. Could the powerful State of Virginia be conquered, it seemed as if everything south of the Susquehanna must fall, in spite of Greene's success. With his soul thus full of chivalrous enterprise, Cornwallis for the moment saw things

in rose color and drew wrong conclusions. He expected to find half of the people Tories, and he also expected to find a state of chronic hostility between the slaves and their masters. On both points he was quite mistaken." Cornwallis entered upon his Virginia campaign with five thousand veterans under his command. Opposed to him was Lafayette, at Richmond, with three thousand men, nearly two-thirds of them raw militia. Cornwallis, however, understood that his force was insufficient to conquer so powerful a State as Virginia, and he knew they must very soon receive reinforcements. Acting upon this conviction, he sent dispatches to Clinton, asking eagerly and earnestly for assistance, which never came.

While awaiting the aid which he believed Sir Henry would not fail to send, Cornwallis felt it incumbent upon him to do something. With his five thousand veterans, it seemed as if he might begin by crushing Lafayette. "The boy cannot escape me," wrote the hopeful earl in an intercepted letter, but he knew not the good sense of "the boy," nor could he appreciate the merits of that Washingtonian school in which the young Frenchman had studied the art of war. The first movements of Lafayette seemed to indicate a desire to escape, for as Cornwallis advanced from Petersburg toward Richmond Lafayette commenced immediately a quick and skillful retreat toward Fredericksburg. It was the Fabian policy so often adopted by Washington and Greene, and seen by Lafayette to be the only one possible in his weak condition. Determined was Lafayette that Cornwallis should not deal him a blow; retreat presented the only means of preventing this. That Lafayette understood well his own condition and what he was doing can clearly be seen in his humorous expression to Washington, that he was "not even strong enough to be beaten." Following his Fabian policy, the Marquis is seen in the early part of June crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and placing himself in a strong position, while Cornwallis, apparently in despair of ever coming up with him, had refrained from the pursuit and sent Tarleton on a raid westward to Charlottesville to capture Governor Thomas Jefferson and the Legislature, then in session there.

Tarleton was a lieutenant-colonel in Cornwallis's army. He

had raised in America a troop known as the "British Legion," which, in their white uniforms, had been the scourge of the Carolinas, as they became of Virginia. At one time this "bold dragoon," utterly unscrupulous regarding the manner of warfare he waged, had massacred a whole regiment, and his name became everywhere a synonym for excessive cruelty. No one but the daring Morgan had yet been able to deal him a blow, which occurred in 1781, near the Cowpens, but it could in no way have weakened his spirit, for he appears to have brought a surprising amount of audacity and virulence to Virginia with him. Before being sent by Cornwallis toward Charlottesville on his capturing expedition Tarleton, at the head of his troopers, had already ravaged Virginia in many quarters. With torch and sword in hand they went through the whole James River region; "burned houses, carried off horses, cutting the throats of those which were too young to use;" fresh from which experience they made a dash at the Legislature at Charlottesville and at Governor Jefferson in his home, at Monticello. Tarleton's raid having cast its shadow before, the frightened Assemblymen fled in all directions, seven only of their number becoming captives, while Jefferson, also forewarned, escaped to the neighboring mountains. Determined to do what damage they could, Tarleton's troopers set fire to all the public stores at Charlottesville, after which they started forth to seize a quantity of military stores collected at old Albemarle Court-House. Lafayette at this time had been reinforced by one thousand Pennsylvania regulars, under General Anthony Wayne, and with their assistance he succeeded in placing his whole force between Tarleton and his coveted prize. Unable to surmount this barrier, Tarleton was forced to rejoin Cornwallis, and, as Lafayette's army now numbered over four thousand men, the Marquis became capable of annoying Cornwallis so seriously that the latter commenced to think it wise for him to retreat toward the seacoast, where he thought he could make sure of supplies and reinforcements. Moving down the peninsula, Cornwallis was pressed closely by Lafayette. During the month of July two engagements took place between parts of the opposing armies; the one at Green Spring, near Williamsburg, in which encounter the Americans

were repulsed with a loss of one hundred and forty-five men ; the other, more important, and which, but for a skillful maneuver on the part of General Wayne, might have proven a very serious blow to Lafayette, was at Jamestown. The campaign, however, was ended by the first week in August, when Cornwallis had occupied Yorktown with his army of seven thousand men, the garrison of Portsmouth having been added to his own force, in which position he proceeded to await reinforcements from Sir Henry Clinton. Throughout this game of strategy, which had been played in Virginia, Lafayette had proven himself a worthy antagonist for the ablest of the British generals. Nothing great, from a military point of view, had been accomplished, but the effects of the invasion had been most disastrous. "All tide-water Virginia had been swept as by a tornado. The growing crops had been destroyed, the grain burned in the mills, the plantations laid waste, and the horses and cattle either killed or carried off. Thirty thousand negroes had been taken away, of whom 27,000 are said to have died of the smallpox or camp fever. The destruction of property was estimated at thirteen millions sterling."

When matters had been brought to this depressing state in Virginia, suddenly the whole prospect changed. In August Lafayette sent a dispatch to Washington on the Hudson, opposite New York, to the effect that the Count de Grasse, commanding a French fleet, had sailed from St. Domingo for the Chesapeake. A naval war between England and France in the West Indies had raged for two years, and the fleet of Grasse had been sent there to take from England, if possible, the great island of Jamaica. When it became evident, through the solicitations of Washington, that naval coöperation upon the American coast was much needed, Grasse was ordered to communicate with Washington and to seize the earliest opportunity of acting in concert with him and Rochambeau, who some time before had landed in Connecticut with six thousand men to assist the Americans. The safety of Cornwallis at Yorktown depended entirely upon England's control of the Virginia waters. Should the French once get the upper hand there and the earl be confronted by an overwhelming land force, he indeed would be "between the devil and the deep sea."

The supreme moment of Washington's military career had now come. In this crisis his military genius was a match for that of Caesar or Napoleon. He no longer needed to protect himself by means of a Fabian policy. His plan was quickly formed and executed with consummate promptness and boldness. His first object being to deceive the enemy, Washington had camps ostentatiously laid out opposite to New York, clearly within sight of the enemy. A feigned assault was made upon the British posts, and Rochambeau moved forward as though to take part in the operations. With Sir Henry Clinton thus misled, Washington, preserving the greatest secrecy, commenced that rapid and skillfully conducted march southward, which brought him and his whole army in a few weeks' time before Yorktown. So successful was Washington in concealing his real design that his troops had reached the Delaware before the enemy could understand his movement. Then it was seen that a great blow was to be struck in Virginia. So rapid indeed had been the movement that Washington's own men did not perceive the purpose of it until they reached Philadelphia. Their march through this city was a triumph. "The windows were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and uttering exclamations of joy. The ragged Continentals came first with their cannon and torn battle flags, and the French followed in 'gay white uniforms faced with green,' to the sound of martial music." Bands played in the streets, "every house hoisted its Stars and Stripes, and all the roadside taverns shouted success to the bold general. 'Long live Washington!' was the toast of the day. 'He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mouse-trap!'" But no outburst of exultant hope could stop for a moment the swift advance of Washington and his army. By the end of September they were encamped before Yorktown, while Grasse had appeared in the Chesapeake. Cut off by land and sea, the toils had closed about Lord Cornwallis.

Sir Henry Clinton, conscious at last of his fatal delay in reinforcing Cornwallis, tried to play a little game of his own by making a counter-stroke on the coast of Connecticut with a detachment of two thousand men under Benedict Arnold. This thoroughly wanton assault on New London did not produce the

slightest effect upon the movements of Washington or bring any reprieve to Cornwallis; in fact, by the time the news of it reached Virginia the combination against the latter had been entirely completed and the British army was doomed.

It is interesting now to get a glimpse of the ancient town of York, the scene of so many exciting events in the fall of 1781. Some years before this an Englishman traveling in America reached what he termed the "Elysian Fields of Virginia." In describing that section of the country he has much to say about York and its opposite neighbor, Gloucester, and the surrounding plantations. We can only give short extracts from this quaint and attractive writer:

Yorktown (he says), the capital of the county of that name, is situated on a rising ground, gently descending every way into a valley, and, though but stragglingly built, yet makes no inconsiderable figure. You perceive a great air of opulence amongst the inhabitants, who have (some of them) built themselves houses equal in magnificence to many of our superb ones at St. James; as those of Mr. Lightfoot (Philip Lightfoot), Nelson ("Secretary Nelson"), etc. The court-house is the only considerable public building, and is no unhandsome structure. The most considerable houses are of brick; some handsome ones of wood—all built in the modern taste—and the lesser sort of plaster. There are some very pretty garden spots in the town, and the avenues leading to Williamsburg, Norfolk, etc., are prodigiously agreeable. The country surrounding is thickly overspread with plantations, and the planters live in a manner equal to men of the best fortune.

Writing in 1849 of the Nelson house at Yorktown, Howe, the historian, says:

The Nelson mansion is a large two-story brick building, fronting the river, on the main street of the town. It is built on the old English model. \* \* \* In the War of the Revolution it was the residence of Governor Thomas Nelson, by whose father, the Hon. William Nelson, it was erected. \* \* \* During the siege of Yorktown the house was bombarded by the American Army and now bears marks of cannon shot. Governor Nelson, then in Washington's army, had command of the first battery which opened upon the town. Rightly supposing that it was occupied by some of the British officers, he pointed the first gun against his own dwelling and offered a reward of five guineas to the soldiers for every bombshell that should be fired into it.

In a paper of this character it is impossible to enter into the details of the siege of Yorktown. The movements of the

Americans and of the British at this time are full of interest for the military student, but a careful consideration of them here would consume unwarranted time and space. A slight sketch of the final issues can only be given. Yorktown was invested. On October 6 the first parallel was opened by General Lincoln. On the 11th the Baron Steuben opened the second parallel within three hundred yards of the enemy's works. On the night of the 14th two of the British redoubts were carried by storm, the one by Alexander Hamilton, the other by the Baron de Vioménil. On the following night the British made a gallant, but fruitless, sortie. By noon of the 16th their works were fast crumbling to pieces under the continuous fire of seventy cannon. On the 17th Cornwallis, having failed in an attempt to escape by crossing to Gloucester, hoisted the white flag. Commissioners were appointed to arrange the terms of surrender. They met at the Moore house—the old “Temple farm.” The terms were transcribed and sent to Lord Cornwallis, who assented to them. They were the same as those made on the occasion of Lincoln's surrender at Charleston. The British army became prisoners of war, subject to the ordinary rules of exchange. Cornwallis expressed anxiety for the fate of the American royalists in his army, but Washington neatly disposed of this delicate question by allowing the earl to send a ship to Sir Henry Clinton with news of the catastrophe, to embark in it such troops as he might think proper, and no questions asked. “Concerning a little matter of etiquette,” says Mr. Fiske, “the Americans were more exacting.” The British soldiery had always cherished as its inalienable right the practice of playing the enemy's tunes. At the surrender of Charleston, in token of humiliation, General Lincoln's army had been expressly ordered to play an American air. Colonel Lawrence, conducting negotiations at Yorktown, directed that General Lincoln should receive the sword of Lord Cornwallis, and that the army, on marching out to lay down its arms, should play a British or German air. There was no help for it, and on the 19th of October Cornwallis's army marched slowly out of Yorktown, with colors cased, while the band played a quaint old English melody, of which the signifi-



cant title was "The World Turned Upside Down." Indeed, it is very likely that upon hearing the news many people, especially George III and his ministry, believed that the old English air quite correctly described the condition of the world. Lord North, the prime minister, who had a most convenient habit of falling asleep while his opponents denounced him and when aroused was ever ready to turn a jest to their disadvantage, was neither inclined to be drowsy nor to indulge his wonted spirit of gayety when the staggering communication of Cornwallis's surrender was brought to him in Downing street. Very much awake and very serious for once, he cried, walking wildly up and down the room, "O God! it is all over! it is all over! it is all over!"

The King was at Kew when the news reached him. That evening Lord George Germain, while at dinner, received his answer. His majesty wrote calmly, in a tone of natural dignity, but he had forgotten to date his letter, it was observed, a thing, it is said, which had never happened before.

In passing, it is significant to note that the man whose failure at Yorktown lost the American Colonies to Great Britain was the same who later established her authority in India. If in any mind there is a doubt that Lord Cornwallis was a good and gallant soldier, and that he ever retained the confidence of his country, this fact should dispel utterly the thought. The drama of the American Revolution had been opened in Virginia by Henry; it was virtually terminated there by Washington and his troops at Yorktown. These events, encompassing so much, make brilliant the pages of her Revolutionary history.

N. B. WINSTON,

*Vice-Regent, Old Dominion Chapter.*

## WOMEN AS PATRIOTS.

[Read before the Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of the District of Columbia.]

It is a well-demonstrated fact that war breeds bravery and heroism in both the sons and daughters of a nation. A lack of courage and heroic impulse in men is derided in the same proportion as like qualities are lauded in women. We read of brave patriotic women in all ages. There are times in every nation when the hearts of wives and mothers are stirred to their inmost depths; when every patriotic impulse is encouraged; when love of country predominates over every other earthly love.

The Old Testament has a Rahab and an Esther, women, though widely separated from each other, both in character and circumstances, whose names will go down the ages, in Bible history, to the end of time. Why? Because they counted their lives as nothing in the face of their country's need.

In 1149 women were knighted for their stout resistance to the Moorish invasion. Large immunities and favors were bestowed upon them and their posterity for the heroism displayed in those eventful times.

The fifteenth century produced Joan of Arc. A wonderful victory did she obtain for the French, when by her almost supernatural inspiration she imbued the fainting, disheartened troops with some of her own remarkable courage and spirit.

For the daughters of America, gathered together as representatives of American liberty, I will speak of those women who, fired with courage and zeal, aided to their utmost in that terrible struggle which at last won liberty and justice with freedom for all, that liberty of which the children of this century love to sing.

There are many evidences of the sympathy which women of Colonial days felt for their struggling countrymen in their gigantic efforts to throw off the yoke of a foreign power, though she were called the mother country. There are numerous families to-day, in this dear land of ours, who proudly and lovingly

relate the marvelous adventures and heroic deeds of a grandmother, deeds which are not chronicled by the historian, but which the Daughters of the American Revolution are resurrecting. The patriotism of such historical women as Abigail Adams and Martha Washington we will not recount, but will recite a few incidents connected with some less favored daughters of the American Revolution.

A Philadelphia, woman addressing a British officer in Boston, wrote as follows: "I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family. Tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor have I bought a cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington. I have learned to knit and am now making stockings of wool for my servants. In this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I know this, that as free I can die but once, but as a slave I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of my sister Americans."

Elizabeth Martin had seven sons in the Revolutionary ranks. She sent them forth with these words: "Go, boys, and fight for your country. Fight till death if you must, but never let your country be dishonored. Were I a man I would go with you." When a British officer sneeringly twitted this mother with having seven sons in the army, what did she answer? Only this, "I wish that I had fifty there." When another officer of like principles heartlessly told her that he had blown her son's brains out, she calmly replied, "He could not have died in a nobler cause."

The two aunts of these seven sons, Rachel and Grace Martin, disguised as two rebels, assailed the British courier and his guard and took the papers from him, which they speedily forwarded to General Greene. No suspicion of their sex was had by the messenger and guard. This was warlike heroism in those two sisters, while presumably the young Englishman would have applied an uncomplimentary epithet, to say the least, to these defenders of liberty had their sex been divulged.

History relates what to us is an amusing account of the women of Groton, Massachusetts. Clothed in their absent husbands' apparel, armed with muskets, pitchforks, and such other weapons as they could raise, they resolutely determined no foe to free-

dom, either foreign or domestic, should pass Jewett's bridge, over the Nashua. Soon there appeared one horseman. He was supposed to be treasonably engaged in conveying intelligence to the enemy. He was arrested by these women, unhorsed, and searched. Treasonable correspondence was found concealed in his boots. The man was detained as a prisoner, but his dispatches were sent to headquarters.

A Mrs. Robert Wilson, the mother of eleven sons, most of whom were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, when urged by Lord Cornwallis to use her influence with her husband and sons, who were his prisoners, to induce them to fight for the Crown, replied: "Sooner than see one of my family turn back from this glorious enterprise I would myself enlist, to show my husband and sons how to fight, and, if necessary, die for their country!"

Mary Knight, the sister of General Warrel, aided in relieving the horrible sufferings of Washington's troops at Valley Forge by cooking and carrying by herself provisions to them in the depths of winter. She even succeeded in passing the outposts of the British, being disguised as a market-woman. When the British set a price on the head of General Warrel, her brother, she concealed him for three days in a cider hogshead. The narrative does not state whether the cask was empty; we will hope it was, however. The house was searched four different times by troops hunting for this brother, without success, while the brave woman kept him alive by passing food to him through the bung-hole of the hogshead.

Other women, whose names are legion, displayed indomitable courage and genuine Yankee pluck in the days of the Revolution—women who passed to their graves unrecognized by any pen, but who, perhaps, wear the victor's crown above.

Hosts of women undoubtedly there were who could give nothing more than their sympathy and encouragement to the fathers, sons, and brothers fighting for their rights and freedom. Such deserve honorable mention, at least; but their names have been allowed to pass into oblivion, as they themselves passed from the homes and firesides preserved to them by the spilt blood of those dear ones whom they urged on to victory or death.

MARIA SPALDING LYMAN.

## THE BALL AT SHUTER'S HILL.

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,  
Said to his wife: "Our rooms we'll fill  
With all the beauty and all the style  
And all of rank and some of the file

That flourish in Alexandria,  
Alias Botany Bay."

(Which was ever his subsequent say  
When calling Alexandria.)

Mrs. Dulany said, with a sigh,  
"If such is your fancy, yes; so wish I."

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,  
Said to his wife: "We will fulfill

Our social trust and invite them all,  
The rich and the great, to come to this ball;  
The handsome and ugly, the pretty and plain,  
The learned and the silly, the wise and the vain."  
He was a man of great learning and wealth,  
And the name he bore was a power itself;  
For his Tory father was great among men  
And smote hard on the Rebels with voice and pen.

Mrs. Dulany said, with a sigh,  
"This fancy of his I cannot tell why."

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,  
Said to his wife: "I wish you to fill

The pantry and larder, the shelves, and the table  
With all the most excellent things you are able;  
And spare neither trouble nor money, for when  
(Tobacco, remember, was currency then)  
I offer a banquet my guest must behold  
Something more on my table than china and gold."

Mrs. Dulany said, with a deep sigh,  
"'Tis a fancy of his, but I cannot tell why."

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,  
Said to his wife: "Of course we will

Have music, the best that can be found,  
And we, dear wife, will dance one round.  
Many years have passed since you agreed  
To slide from the window and marry with speed.  
And we'll show our children the way to dance  
After the fashion I learned in France.

Mrs. Dulany sighed and said,  
"What could have put this whim in his head?"

The guests arrived at Shuter's Hill,  
 Names of renown the mansion fill.  
 Mason and Carter, Steuart and Ball,  
 Bosier and Fendall, Marshall and Hall,  
 Daingerfield, Tucker, Craik, Herbert, a few ;  
 Plater, Custis and Randolph, and Washington, too ;  
 Lee, Seldon, Fitzhugh, West, Dandridge, and Scott,  
 Blackburn, Hunter and Forrest, and Tayloe, a lot ;  
 Page, Ramsey and Graham, French, Lewis, and Key,  
 Lloyd, Taylor and Welford, Ridout, Beverly,  
 Simms, Peter and Lightfoot, Lyles, Murray, and Beall,  
 Grey, Ponsonby, Green, and Carrol, they tell ;  
 Berkely, Fairfax and Bladen, Powel, Chase, Montague,  
 Bassett, Harrison, Tasker, Gantt, Stoddert, and Chew,  
 Lomax, Spotswood and Taliaferro, Grymes, Rutherford,  
 Snowden, Fontaine and Pendleton, Monroe, and Bushrod ;  
 But if all were put down the unlearned might insist  
 These names had been taken from off the tax-list.

Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill,  
 Received them with grace and courtly skill,  
 When all of a sudden he started to dance  
 And teach them the lesson he learned in France.  
 He drew them up in a regular line  
 And marched them around while he kept time ;  
 Shouldered a blunderbuss, stuck on a hat,  
 Called it a helmet, and drilled them in that ;  
 Thundered and threatened and ordered them all  
 To know he was giving a marching ball.  
 'Round thro' the parlors, out on the grass,  
 Down thro' the garden, and back did they pass ;  
 Not for a moment he left them to rest—  
 Forward and backward unwearied he pressed.

Mrs. Dulany appealed to his pride,  
 But unceremonious he thrust her aside.

Many the terrors, the words, and the fright ;  
 But he marched them and marched them far into the night.

Mrs. Dulany again assayed  
 To urge him to cease this desperate raid ;  
 But he turned upon her a look ferocious,  
 Which changed in a moment to one vainglorious ;  
 Then, bending before her his handsome form,  
 " Assured her no handsomer woman was born  
 Than she, his own, his beautiful wife  
 He had vowed to love and cherish for life ;  
 And, to prove to all how he loved her then,  
 He'd embrace her before all these women and men."

Which he certainly did, for clasping her waist  
And raising her high strode off in haste.  
In vain she screamed ; in vain besought ;  
All her entreaties he set at naught.  
Into the pantry he quickly passed  
And sat her upon the vinegar cask ;  
Then, locking her in, he lovingly said :  
" Dear wife, you are tired ; 'tis time for bed.  
Look on the shelves ; supper is near.  
Do not be hungry, and have no fear."  
And back he stalked to pick up his gun,  
For a panic and flight had already begun.  
But he brought them back and started again  
Thro' the house and the porch, the garden and plain.  
For hours he marched them (the greater fools they)  
This and that and the other way,  
Till one of them found, as a means of defense,  
That a board could be easily torn from the fence.  
To this they all hurriedly made their way,  
But he found it out as soon as they  
And ordered a halt ; but they faster ran,  
Urging each other as he began.  
" Halt !" he cried again more loud,  
And fired his blunderbuss into the crowd,  
Which made them hasten in their flight  
Back to town in the dead of night,  
Wholly regardless of dresses, or shoes,  
Or stones, or thorns, or damps, or dews  
Finding to stop them was now too late,  
He stalked to the stable and locked the gate.  
" Now they may walk," he said, with an oath,  
" For I will keep horses and carriages, both."  
Into the town the company came,  
Draggled and straggling, sinking with shame  
That they should have marched and tramped about  
At a madman's whim the whole night out.

Mrs. Dulany in grief had passed  
The rest of the night on the vinegar cask.  
The trembling servant unlocked the door  
And the wrathful lady stood before  
Her rantipole lord, but never a word  
Between them passed, nor was afterward heard.  
He ordered his horse, and from that day,  
As I have heard old people say,  
He continually rode, nor ever still  
Was Ben Dulany, of Shuter's Hill.

MRS. DEVEREUX.



REUX.



FAC-SIMILE OF HEADING OF MARYLAND AND BALTIMORE JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM RARE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MILDRED OVERTON MATHES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOYSTON.

## A COLONIAL MAIL-BAG.

"A storm was coming, but the winds were still."—TENNYSON.

NEAR the northern extremity of Worcester County, Maryland, there flourished during the last three quarters of the eighteenth century a small community of kinsmen whose common name was Evans. These families had come over from England, although they were of Welsh extraction. They were in every way valuable acquisitions to the elegant society of Maryland, wealthy, genial, cultured, and their homes were the resorts for the pleasure-loving gentry of the neighboring coast region.

Particularly was this true of Glensade, the home of Colonel Madoc Evans, a noted seat of generous hospitality. Distant five or six miles from the sea the establishment was a well-known landmark on the seaboard. The house itself was a worthy type of the manorial homes which the aristocratic planter colonists established for themselves and their families in Maryland and Virginia. It was built of bricks brought from England, and extended over an area which makes our modern dwellings look dwarfed in comparison. About this building were grouped several others of various shapes and sizes, including the coach-house, storehouse, kitchen, and other offices, while at a distance were situated the white cabins of the negro quarters. Surrounding these buildings was a delightful landscape, varying from a grove in the front, through the trees of which might be had glimpses of the ocean, to large fruit and flower gardens extending in the rear.

The sun's rays on a certain day in 1773 were falling directly upon the face of the dial that stood on the lawn and the great plantation bell was proclaiming high noon, the time sacred to rest and the noonday meal.

This was accompanied by a general commotion. First came the manager riding up on horseback to his own particular house, dismounting at its door and giving his horse into the care of an ebon-faced, grinning little negro boy whom he found in waiting on the veranda. The urchin leaped on the horse's

back and rode toward the well at the back of the "big house." Here a lively scene presented itself. On both sides of the well stood a trough filled with clear water. Some horses were already enjoying its refreshing coolness; others, waiting their turn, were ridden by swarthy little negroes, whose gleaming smile testified to their pride in their office. As they rode up to the well they would shout in answer to the greetings of their fellows already there. The noise of their halloos and laughter, mingled with the clanking of plowchains, from which the horses had not yet been relieved, awoke the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and a general hubbub on every hand.

Into the midst of the clatter about the well came Letty, one of the house servants, adding to the clamor by her excited inquiries. "Law sakes! Whar' am dat nigger Jim? 'Tain't no use ringin' de dinner bell. Ole Massa jes' off he head wid on' patience. He jes' march up an' down de po'ch an' say de mail am a whole hour late an' he a-waitin' fo' he dispatches f'om Lonnon an' de new paper what he's spectin' f'om Baltimo'. De meat's gittin' colder'n a do'h-knob, an' ole Missus, she gwine go off in de high tantrums presn'y."

Her harangue was cut short by the appearance of the delinquent Jim himself, who came riding up magisterially on an old one-eyed horse. Jim was a sort of nabob among the plantation negroes by reason of his superior calling as mail-carrier and of the advantages which he possessed for gathering news from all the neighborhood. He carried himself in a lordly manner, but to-day beneath his bravado there was the suspicion of a tremor; and, although he usually claimed the privilege of himself carrying the mail to his master, to-day he relinquished it to Letty, muttering something about being "clean wore out a-waitin' fo' dat nigger wha bring de triflin' ole newspaper."

Letty found the master of the house walking reluctantly toward the dining-room with an air of dejected compliance with the mandate of the small family dinner bell, at that moment tinkling musically. When, however, Letty handed him the mail-bag, his gloom relaxed into a cheerful smile and he murmured a gracious "Thank you," at the same time briskly turning the knob of the dining-room door.

This apartment was marked by stateliness and massive rich-

ness, imparted by the heavy walnut ceiling, darkly stained walls, and highly carved furniture. On the wall above the high chimney board were emblazoned the family coat of arms ; elsewhere were suspended trophies of the chase, stag horns and fox tails, among old breech-loading guns that had seen stern service in the French and Indian wars, and swords unsheathed by former generations in Continental struggles.

Amid these martial mementoes a light-hearted party had sat down to dinner. At the head of the table presided Mrs. Evans, a lady of kindly, though slightly proud, expression. Kenneth Evans, a young man of fine, open countenance and manly bearing, who sat at his mother's right hand, was engaged at the time in some light banter with his sister. Apolyné Evans was a girl of acknowledged beauty, and, had her tastes not turned toward the quieter pleasures of home, would have been a belle in a State already noted for its lovely women. Her fair face, crowned with its waves of sunny, golden hair, was expressive at once of a lofty order of intelligence and of a modesty and spirituality that seemed at times almost angelic. So, at least, thought her betrothed lover, Archie Dale, as he watched her from the other side of the table, to-day, with a solicitude unsuspected by the other members of the gay party. His dark, handsome face showed both bonhomie and a reserve force of character. His compressed lip and firmly molded features argued for a rare degree of self-control, but his quickly flushing cheek and animated glance showed that his nature was as sensitive as it was proud.

A beautiful and fashionable young lady, then on a visit from Baltimore town, Miss Katherine Lavender, completed the party.

The family had waited several minutes after the ringing of the bell for the appearance of Colonel Evans, when Mrs. Evans, whose housewifely instincts revolted against such tardiness, asked Archie Dale to take his place.

He had only that moment complied and was beginning to carve the haunch of venison which graced the table when Colonel Evans triumphantly entered. The family arose to receive the deferred blessing. Archie Dale would have yielded his post of honor, but the old gentleman insisted on his finishing the carving while he himself had a peep at his mail-bag, since

he had been deprived that morning of his usual hour over his papers and letters. Pushing his chair back slightly from the table and depositing the pouch on his knee, he forthwith began to examine its contents. Each one was remembered in the distribution, although Colonel Evans declared that the supply was unusually small. Mrs. Evans patted with satisfaction some letters from friends and relatives in her native town, London, and the Colonel glanced hastily at some magazines, newspapers, and the superscriptions on some letters addressed to himself. "Ah! here we have the London and the Maryland mail together," he exclaimed. "I did not know that the Royal George had come to port this month. She must have had an easy voyage; but here's the thing that delayed our dinner to-day and has caused this innovation." All looked up in eager curiosity. "The first issue of the long-expected paper, 'The Journal, The Advertiser.'"

"Goddard's sheet?" asked Kenneth quickly. "Then we may look for something really American in tone, I hope, since he has so often complained to me of our servile imitation of the English press."

"Gad, sirs! we have followed our brethren across the water long enough. We must be ourselves, if we are not to degenerate into nobodys and to be unworthy the name of Englishmen!"

Archie Dale leaned forward as if he would have added something to the Colonel's eloquent outburst, but, the old gentleman's eye having rested on the first article, he was already oblivious to all else. His wife, perceiving his inattention to the canvas-back duck, the home-cured ham, fowl, and sweetbreads, quietly, though firmly, interposed at this moment:

"Will it not wait, sir, until after the dinner hour?"

"Certainly, madam; I beg your pardon," he replied meekly, and tucked the paper into the bag.

Even then his eye did not fail occasionally to wander surreptitiously in its direction. It was with a sigh of relief finally when he saw his stately wife sweep from the room, followed by the two young ladies.

"Thunder!" he cried, reaching quickly into the bag; "my fingers have been on fire to get at that paper. Now, here it is; should either of you like to see it?"

Unselfishness was a characteristic of the old school of politeness, and the Colonel acted up to the strictest requirements of a gentleman of his day when he extended the paper to the two young men. They as courteously declined it. Then the Colonel, in his state of absolute content, nodded his head to John, the butler, when he asked whether he would drink peach brandy or old port. John filled a glass of each, and the Colonel, taking a sip, addressed his companions. "Listen, sirs; this is from the publisher's letter to the public. I pass by all those fair promises of publishing extracts from the best authors, which no man of parts desires, since he can obtain them unabridged from the authors themselves; but this I call encouragement, for this means that the press will not be shackled forever: 'I shall always publish with pleasure whatever is sent me in favor of liberty and the rights of mankind, provided the language is decent and compatible with good government; but I am resolved that my paper shall be free and of no party!' Is not that announcement by a small publisher in Baltimore town a sign of the times?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Kenneth. "He would better not send that with his compliments to the Premier."

"Perhaps not in these days of secret-service money," replied Archie Dale. "But I doubt whether all the wealth of England can break the gathering storm. That fight at Allamance, North Carolina, two years ago between Governor Tryon and the Regulators was no false alarm, as the recent struggles in that State have shown; but, pardon me, this a subject on which I am easily excited. What further information does your paper convey?"

"Here's a long-winded letter from the Bishop of C. to the Earl of Belmont, touching his duel with Lord Townshend. I'll leave that to you young bloods, who are always ready to go off like a powder can on the slightest provocation."

After this he remained engrossed in his paper for several minutes, during which time Archie Dale listened abstractedly to an anecdote told him by Kenneth Evans.

"The dispatches from London are extremely scant," resumed Colonel Evans. "Positively the only mention which they make of America is this: 'It is said that larger orders



have been given within this week for goods exported to America than at any one time for three years past.' That expression strikes me as being significant of the Government's attitude toward our country. They regard it as a mart for selling and exchanging their wares, but the people with whom they deal as utterly unworthy of consideration." There was no need of concealment before his companions, whose enthusiastic Americanism was as marked as his own.

"But, sir," protested Dale, picking up the paper which Colonel Evans had slightly crumpled and thrown on the table, "here is a dispatch from New York under cover of August the 12th, which contains details of great interest to us. It is about the exploration of the lands of the Mississippi. 'The sloop "Mississippi," Captain Goodrich, with the Connecticut Military Adventurers, arrived here from the Mississippi, but last from Pensacola, the 16th instant. The country they went to explore they liked well, having laid out twenty-three townships at the Natchez.' Does it not seem wonderful to think of men from the seaboard going to that wild, unsettled neighborhood? I think you did not see this dispatch from Philadelphia, which says that two ships have come over with a thousand and fifty passengers, and that the ship 'Walworth' sailed for South Carolina about the 1st of June with three hundred passengers and servants, who, they say, were obliged to leave their native country, not for their misbehavior, but on account of the great distress among the middling and lower classes of people. They make an excellent class of colonists, sir."

"Yes; a fine, sturdy stock," assented Colonel Evans, who entertained great esteem for Dale's opinion.

"Ha! Here is something that I will pass by," continued Dale, turning to the next page. "A communication signed 'Hononchrononthonologos,' and interlarded with as many abstruse terms and names as one would expect from a man of such nomenclature. It seems to be abusive of some people who are rebelling against the payment of tithes."

Here followed an animated discussion on this subject, after which Kenneth, who by this time was in possession of the paper, exclaimed: "Well, here's something of interest to me, if not to the rest of you. That young Colonel George Wash-

ington, who used to come up here from Virginia to attend the races and who, you remember, once made me a few pounds the poorer by his visit, has an advertisement on the last page. He has obtained patents for upward of twenty thousand acres of land on the Ohio and the Great Kanawha, and now proposes to 'divide it into any size tenements that may be desired and lease them upon moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years' rent free, provided within the space of two years from next October three acres for every fifty contained in each lot and proportionally for a lesser quantity shall be cleared, fenced, and tilled,' and also that 'five acres for every hundred shall be inclosed and laid down in good grass for meadow, and fifty good fruit trees shall be planted on such a quantity of land.' Of course, he enumerates the luxuriance of soil, convenience of situation, the abundance of fish, wild fowl, and excellent meadows. He contends that if the scheme for establishing a new government on the Ohio holds, that its seat will probably be fixed at the mouth of the Kanawha. It's a well-written article, and nearly convinces me that Colonel Washington is as keen in business and as skilled in marshaling words as he is brave in fighting the Indians."

With the exception of the Colonel, who went to the library with his mail, the gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, where they found the ladies still lingering over their coffee.

Kenneth handed his mother the paper, saying: "My father is much disappointed in the meagerness of the European dispatches concerning our affairs. I hope, madam, that you will find more to interest you."

"Where are the dispatches?" she asked. "Ah! here they are, and I spy something already about Lord Chatham. Isn't it delightful occasionally to run across the words Lord and Lady? In that respect our country seems quite a wilderness. Now, here is something you would have liked to see, my dears," she remarked, turning toward the two young ladies. "'The King will set out on Tuesday morning at three o'clock to review the grand fleet at Spithead, and proposes being at Portsmouth about twelve o'clock; he is to be escorted on the road by Burgoyne's Light Horse, and enter Portsmouth with the Life Guards. All the ambassadors will be there, and the moment the review is over

bold Richard Spry, with ten of the line, is to proceed to sea upon a cruise in the channel.' \* \* \* 'We are informed that his Majesty, after reviewing the ships at Portsmouth, will sail around the Isle of Wight in one of the royal yachts.' \* \* \* 'Portsmouth, June 17. This morning three companies of the Royal Regiment of Artillery from Woolwich marched into this place. They are quartered in different parts of the town, and came on purpose to exercise the guns on the fortification during his Majesty's stay here.' Would that we could have been there! What fine dressing there doubtless was. This is a desolate sort of place. Now, my dear," turning to her fashionable guest, "will not you read us something from its pages? Nothing about stupid politics; some nice little bit that I can embroidery awhile by before I go upstairs for my nap."

Katherine Lavender was dressed in all the splendor which the most improved modistes of Baltimore town and the latest fashion reports from London could suggest. Her stiff brocaded dress was unusually handsome for morning wear, while her head-dress was as aspiring in its height as a lofty church steeple. Yet she read with the utmost gravity an article of some length recommending simplicity of dress. She also answered Mrs. Evans's questions about the news in Baltimore town by reading the announcements of several new business enterprises in that city; of the opening of a tavern at the sign of the Fountain; of Francis Sanderson's new coppersmith shop, where housewives could obtain copper and brass kettles, brewing kettles, saucepans, coffee and chocolate pots, stew pans, and Dutch ovens as cheaply as they could be imported from London, as well as a glowing advertisement of the goldsmith and jeweler, Christopher Hughes, at the sign of the Cup and Crown, which proclaimed a "neat and elegant assortment of plate and jewelry." The mention of these emporiums of trade was enough to recall to Mrs. Evans' mind the fact that she had for several months intended to pay a visit to Baltimore town and see what new wares its shops afforded.

Kenneth excused himself to join his father in the library, there to review with him his own letters from London. Mrs. Evans folded up her embroidery and retired to her own room. Miss Lavender began playing softly on the harpsichord, while Apolyne and her lover repaired to the old-fashioned piazza,

whence could be seen gleaming in the sunlight the blue waters of the ocean. Outside it was warm and sultry, but cool breezes swayed the graceful tendrils of the vines that clambered up the lofty Doric columns, making a delightful retreat from the noon-day heat.

Archie Dale stood for a moment looking at the fair landscape before him with an air of despondency which even the presence of Apolyne could not banish.

"What is the matter, Archie?" she asked him anxiously. "Something troubles you, I am certain. Will you not tell me what it is?"

Dale's effort at calmness was apparent as he replied, "There are dark times ahead, Apolyne. The press and the ministry may ignore them if they will, but they are swiftly, surely coming."

"So I have heard you and father say; but may they not yet be averted? Do not despair over a remote danger."

"The danger is sudden, immediate," he answered almost sternly. "Soon the storm will burst upon us. Can you not hear the winds gathering force and see the first scattered leaves blown about? They will fall more thickly and more rapidly from this time on."

He had walked to where Apolyne sat, and as he spoke stood looking down upon her half fiercely. A slight tremor shook her at his unusual words and manner. "You are very despondent to-day," she said after a pause of some moments; "and you should remember, Archie, that whatever happens we two shall be together."

"Nay, you will not be with me," he murmured sadly, and cast upon her such a look of love, pity, and deep sorrow that the girl's heart seemed to burst within her.

"No, Apolyne, I am cruel to obtrude on you my own fears of the struggle I see coming. I see that you have brought the 'Journal and Advertiser.' Will you not read me something? Anything; the sound of your voice will rest me."

The girl laughed at his fancy. He seated himself on the bench beside her, and, after a few minutes' examination of the paper, she began to read in her clear, sweet voice the letter from the Bishop of C. to the Earl of Belmont on his late duel

with Lord Townshend. It was a long article of over two columns, and we can only quote one forcible argument of the bishop against the then noble art of dueling: "In the superstitious ages of the world, my Lord, when men absurdly believed that Providence interposed immediately in favor of the party injured, a decision of a dispute by personal combat was not altogether ridiculous; but in these more enlightened times, when the sun of science has rapidly dispelled the clouds of enthusiasm, a continuation of so Gothic a custom is a scandal upon the human understanding. No preternatural interposition is now expected to give a certain victory to the person wronged. No, my Lord, the aggressor and the aggrieved are upon equal terms. We receive an affront, and we endanger our lives; we expose our long list of friends to distress; we hazard all the glowing expectations of our tenderest ties, all our dearest prospects in this world, and all our greatest in the next—to do what? I blush, my Lord, at my own question—punish some act of incivility that should excite our contempt, or some disrespect which is wholly below our indignation. The man who is not ready to apologize for any offense he offers another does not deserve to be considered as a gentleman. Yet, supposing the case otherwise, the offense ought indeed to be deadly which induces us to take away a life. If it is of such magnitude as to require a bloody expiation, it should be left to the law, and if it is not we surely rebel against the majesty of our own hearts where we endeavor to wipe it away with blood."

She had read on, so much interested in the article itself that she had failed to observe her lover's expression of countenance. Now she turned her eyes toward him and observed that he had fallen into a deep reverie. For some moments she watched him in silence, meditating a gentle reprimand for his inattention, when he lifted his eyes suddenly and exclaimed: "This all sounds very well as one reads it, but how would it be in real life? A man who refused to fight is deservedly branded by public opinion as a coward."

"Public opinion is tyrantical and unjust," she replied.

"Yes; we all of us concur in that belief. Yet you, for instance—if you had a friend who refused a challenge, would you ever again esteem or honor him?"

"Indeed, sir, I should esteem him more highly than ever. I should know that he was a man who valued human life too highly to risk it lightly. I should know that he had the courage of his moral convictions, since he braves the opposing voice of public sentiment, and I should not account him a physical coward, since according to your prophecy the times will soon afford us the opportunity of rightly distinguishing the coward from the hero. I call the duello a barbarous cruelty, cruelty to the slain and doubly cruel to his stricken friends and family."

Archie Dale arose and took her hand in his. "Apolyne," he said, "you're the most eloquent orator I ever heard, but I must leave you now. Yes; I grant that it's sudden; but it is simply my treacherous memory which failed to recall a little business engagement. May I pay my respects to your father before I call Sambo?"

Thus suddenly gone, Apolyne did not notice that he had taken the newspaper with him; she did not know of his long ride over the country side, when he alternately read the paper and seemed lost in a brown study, nor of the note which he sent to James Aydelett, a young gentleman of fortune and fashion who was known to differ politically with Dale. Neither could she by any intuition know of the meeting at midnight in the small cleared space behind the Old Field school-house. The first intimation was made by Jim as he rode up wildly, differently from his usual slow canter, on his one-eyed mare and announced that "Mars' Archie Dale don' fi't a duel las' night with Mars' Henry Aydelett an' wa' all shot up an' a-lyin' at de Widder Bryan's on dis side de school-house, an' Mars' Aydelett, he don' tuk to he horse an' clear de country."

The consternation that reigned supreme can scarcely be imagined. Apolyne's grief was intense. She was almost on the point of distrusting Dale, as several weeks of danger followed, during which he could give no explanation.

When his convalescence set in and he was removed to Colonel Evans's he told her all about his difficulty. He and Henry Aydelett had quarreled about politics. Aydelett had insulted him by questioning his political integrity, and Dale had challenged him. His visit to the Evans mansion that day he had looked upon as his last, not daring to predict what would be the consequences

of the engagement. How, then, was his remorse and anguish of spirit accentuated when she read the stirring arguments of the bishop and added her own plea against the action he was about to commit. Convinced of its wrongfulness, he wrote to Henry Aydelett and hinted at a reconciliation. Aydelett laughed to scorn his humanitarian scruples and added the charge of cowardice to that of political dishonesty. "I know I am a moral coward, Apolyne," he concluded, "and that I am not worthy of your love; but I could not formally retract my challenge in the face of such an imputation from that man."

And, in spite of all her counter-arguments, Apolyne was glad that the world would not call Archie Dale a coward. "But keep the paper," he added; "the time may come when the world is ripe for such noble advice, and I for one shall never fail to advance the good bishop's views to any friend of mine on the eve of fighting a duel, in the hope that he may be more morally courageous than I."

And so the little yellow paper which first saw the light when Maryland was a royal province is still preserved in comparative freshness. It was kept all during those stormy days of the Revolution by Mrs. Archie Dale, when her father, husband, and brother, on the distant soil of other States, were fighting valiantly for the cause of independence. Her children treasured it through the War of 1812 and her grandchildren through the saddest, fiercest struggle of all, our own late civil war. Now that our country is once more a grand and united whole, it lies before me, emblematic of our small beginnings and of our glorious progress from the time when Archie Dale fought his duel with Henry Aydelett in the cleared space behind the Old Field school-house.\*

MILDRED OVERTON MATHES,  
*Historian Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2.*

---

\* The characters (Evans and Dale) drawn in this sketch are ancestors of Mrs. Jean Robertson Anderson, Regent of Watauga Chapter, Memphis, Tennessee.



## THE MINUTE MEN OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

Land of my father's fathers, hail to thee,  
Cradle and dwelling-place of Liberty !  
Others may praise renown in history ;  
Mine is a lesser, yet a nobler, plea,  
To laud thy Minute Men.

Roused from their midnight sleep by Paul Revere,  
Yeomen whose hearts knew naught of doubt or fear ;  
Quitting with silent haste their homes most dear,  
Farmyard and field, without a glance to rear,  
To Lexington they came.

Strong as the rugged soil that gave them birth,  
Firm as the firmest hero-chiefs of earth,  
Fighting for right and freedom, home and hearth,  
Dauntless 'gainst numbers, staunch in native worth,  
The victor's palm was theirs.

Standing on Concord's bridge they met the foe,  
Vet'rans of many wars, with blow for blow ;  
Driving them back with steady step and slow,  
Winning their spurs that day by Concord's flow,  
As Freedom's belted knights.

Valiant they fought at Bunker Hill all day,  
Ready and eager to renew the fray ;  
Clamb'ring o'er mounds of dead that strewed the way,  
Gaining by inches ground to stand at bay,  
Till night had brought respite.

Through the dark shadows fled the hostile hosts,  
Beaten by rebel hinds despite their boasts ;  
Leaving their dead unhoused to quit these coasts,  
Leaving the victors sleeping at their posts,  
Worn out with strife and strain.

Through the young States that patriotic fire  
Triumphs as great did other fields inspire ;  
Cowpens and Valley Forge, King's Mountain's spire,  
Pointing to Yorktown's day of ending dire  
For Britain's proud array.

Marion, Stark, and Ethan Allen true ;  
Putnam and Patrick Henry, Selden too ;  
Perry, Decatur, with their gallant crew,  
Sailors and Minute Men in buff and blue,  
Their country glorified.

Long were the years of struggle, till the end  
Shattered from stubborn necks that would not bend  
England's stern yoke, did in its stead extend  
Freedom to all, the rights of man defend  
From tyranny and wrong.

Liberty's pioneers were they, whose pains  
Struck from the limbs of thralls the galling chains;  
Wrested from despots all these fertile plains,  
Land of the free, o'er which if Peace now reigns,  
God bless the Minute Men!

LILIAN PIKE.

---

### BIRTH OF THE FLAG.

THE Colonists had decided to be free; but before the Declaration of Independence could be written a banner, around which the Sons and Daughters of Liberty could rally, must be born.

Late in the year 1775 Congress appointed as a committee of conference Lynch, Harrison, and Franklin to take the subject of the National Flag under consideration. The committee met at the American camp at Cambridge and adopted as a banner the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, united with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white. We have no official record of their reason for the adoption of this ensignia. It has been said that the stripes and ribbons, then the only distinguishing mark of rank among officers of the Army, may have suggested to the committee the idea of representing the various Colonies (soon to be States) by similar means.

The adoption by them of the combined crosses of the English Union flag would seem to show a desire in the child America to still hold in tenderest veneration the mother country. It is not known whether this flag, called the "Great Union Flag," was ever adopted by law, and no record has yet been found to show that Congress took any part in accepting it as its emblem, yet it was the flag used at the camp at Cambridge on the 2d of January, 1776. It so chanced that on this very day the King's speech on the Colonial trouble was received in Boston, and My Lord Howe, under truce, sent a copy of it to "Mr. Washington" (?) As the commission from His Excellency drew

near the American camp they were surprised to hear the booming of cannons and the shouts and hurrahs of the soldiers, and when they saw the "Great Union Flag" fluttering above the noise and din the British officers said one to another: "The Americans see their folly and they are cheering the King." Listen to what General Washington said about it in a letter dated Cambridge, January 4, 1776: "On the day which gave new being to the new army, but before the King's proclamation had reached us, we hoisted the Union Flag in compliment to the United Colonies."

In the "British Annual Register" for 1776 there is published a letter written by a sea captain in Boston Harbor to the owner of his vessel in London, and in it he says: "I can see the Rebel camp very plain. They have hoisted the Union Flag, which is supposed to intimate the Union of the Provinces. The King's speech has excited the greatest degree of indignation, and it has been publicly burnt in the Rebel camp. They have now a flag with thirteen stripes as their symbol of the number and the Union of the Colonies."

This great Union Flag was the banner that floated over the convention in Virginia, held three weeks before the Declaration of Independence was signed. In the rotunda at the Capitol at Washington is Trumbull's celebrated painting, "The Battle of Bunker Hill." We find in this picture that a different flag was used by the Patriots, and, as Trumbull's work is vouched for as purely and truly historical to its minutest detail, we may describe this banner as red, with a white canton, bearing a pine tree.

While there are lengthy descriptions of all that pertains to the making and adopting of the Great Seal, the early history of the Stars and Stripes is shrouded, like the beginning of all great things, by a silence that yet reminds one of an unspoken prayer. We know that the flag was given to us by Congress in the year of our Lord 1777, in the month of June, and on the 14th day. We know the name and the history of the fortunate woman whose privilege it was to make the first flag, but back of the nimble fingers, back of the mingling of the red, the white, and the blue into an eternal harmony, was the mental power that had created the thought. There were the men who

gave the flag to us. Guizot says: "The United States of America rose into existence under the banner of right and justice. The Colonists did not attempt a revolution. They claimed guaranties and asserted principles which were inscribed in their charters, and, being denied them, to achieve a conquest of their rights they passed through a perilous war and gained their independence."

"In the hour of need came Washington. His country wanted him to serve her, and he became great rather from a sense of duty than from love of power. Born to govern, he had no delight in governing. He told the American people what he believed to be true, and persisted in doing what he thought wise with a firmness as unshaken as it was simple. The servant of an infant republic, he won the confidence of the people by maintaining its interests even in opposition to its inclination; and the patriots standing beside him at the helm practiced a policy at once modest and severe, measured, and independent." Such were the architects of this flag, your flag and mine, our flag. What does the word mean to us? Can we trace her story from that fair June morning of her birth down to this day, one hundred and seventeen years after? When we look upon her do we always realize the title, the rank she has conferred upon her children, irrespective of class, distinction? For is not every American citizen the equal of kings and queens?

I can remember as a child hearing my father tell of the drawing-rooms, balls, and fêtes he attended at the different European courts, where a rigorous etiquette required in the sovereign presence a prescribed costume for every one save and excepting the United States Chargé d'Affaires. He would describe the brilliant scene, the men and the women, blazing with jewels, garbed in satin and lace, powder and patches, bowing low before the throne with but one exception, one figure standing out in bold relief against this background of vivid color—the American Minister; and how do you think this man was dressed? "He wore an ancient long buff vest, and buttoned over his manly breast was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar and large gilt buttons the size of a dollar, with tails that his country folks called 'swallow.'"

Daughters of the North Shore Chapter of the American Revolution, what is your flag to you? Does it recall to you (says Edward Everett Hale) the fact that behind officers and government there is the country herself, and the flag her symbol? Do you, as Columbia's chosen daughters, watch zealously lest some alien hand pollute her whiteness or dim the brightness of her stars? Do you ever see this symbol trailing in the literal dust and pass by unconscious of the sacrilege? Do you ever see the Stars and Stripes put to an ignoble usage and hold your peace? If you do or if I do, we are not worthy daughters of our foremothers or forefathers. We, Daughters of the American Revolution, belong to this flag as we belong to our mothers. We should stand by her as we stand by our mothers and never dream a dream but of serving her, and as you gather your children and your children's children about your knee fail not to say to them:

Stand by the flag! its stars, like meteors gleaming,  
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas,  
And shores responsive to the far-off beaming  
Of God's own Pleiades.

Stand by the flag! its stripes have streamed in glory,  
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,  
And spread in lines the sacred story  
Of Freedom's triumph over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! on land and ocean billows.  
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;  
Living, defended, and, dying, from their pillows,  
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag! immortal heroes bore it  
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat, and armed defense,  
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it,  
A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

Stand by the flag! all doubt and treason scorning.  
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,  
That it will float until the eternal morning  
Fades in its glory all the lights of time.

LAURA DAYTON FESSENDEN.

## PAPER READ BEFORE THE FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, we meet to-day to celebrate the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, that great charter of freedom adopted by our people July 4, 1776, just one hundred and eighteen years ago to-day. It has been said to be "the most important state paper in existence." It certainly may be called the most wonderful of uninspired documents. The selection of its language is strikingly chaste, pertinent, and decorous. Its lofty simplicity and terseness is entirely consistent with its high design and import, and it is heard again and again with the reverence and respect that we pay to Revelation. It is analogous to our Scriptures in that, being sublime, it is simple; being profound, it is apprehensible.

This will form the apology, if apology be needed, for a quotation that is eminently appropriate to our gathering to-day.

Our lawmakers laid the foundations of the Republic broad as humanity. They built its walls on the common sentiment of mankind, and our fathers—yours and mine—stood strong for the defense of the cause, appealing to heaven for the integrity of their design and pledging thereunto their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. We, their rightful heirs, owe, as they, "a decent respect to the opinion of mankind" in our humbler venture to perpetuate their memory and emulate their virtues and heroism. We, too, wish to give a rational cause for our existence, for in such a unity as we represent there should be both a rational cause and a purpose.

Every union, for whatever purpose, has its foundation in specific qualifications; otherwise there can be neither union nor organization; for, taking in the whole world, we resolve ourselves again into the common humanity and thus lose all motive of coherence. The bond that makes this organization possible is that of a common descent from the men of the Revolution. This is the one primal qualification demanded equally of any and of all, and without this prerogative none, however worthy,

need apply. It could not be an unworthy motive if lineage alone prompted to association, for the respect and honor due to our ancestry is among the precepts of our holy religion, and has distinction in the decalogue as the commandment with promise.

There is a pardonable pleasure that we have all felt in the descent from such an ancestry. It is a tradition that would not soon die out, and yet we hail with a higher sense of certitude the embodiment of these traditions in an organic form, that as time goes on will render them less hazy and unsatisfactory for organization. This was the first and most apparent reason that would be suggested to any mind, and to many women of busy lives would seem to be at first to themselves the only and sufficient reason to fix and establish an undisputed right and title to this distinction in a permanent society and to thus perpetuate and honor the memory of their ancestry; but humanity is not satisfied with a dormant sentiment, a record simply registered; there must be insignia; there must be symbols; there must be memorials; there must be observances, and all these have generated patriotism. So it comes to pass there is not only a body, but a soul and a purpose; and we who meet for our first festival to-day have come into an organization with a broader sense of privilege and duty than was originally represented in its incipient state. The purpose has developed from the cause; otherwise the busy women who have inaugurated the Fort Dearborn Chapter would hardly have wrought so fervently, being content to have secured for the future their title to a heroic ancestry. Such a bequest it is not an ignoble thing to receive or to transmit, for it bears at least a magnanimous thought to the remotest generation, and, as has been said, if to establish the connecting link were all it were a worthy deed. The research consequent upon this uprising of interest has brought out facts and incidents, has revived memories, has elicited inquiry and incited to patriotism, and already the fires begin to glow in thousands of minds dormant hitherto in this line of development. Thus there is the awakening, and we feel the premonitory stir of the dawn.

But this is not all. This is an age of achievement. All great, noble, inspiring, heroic impulses now find embodiment in action. Time was when men withdrew from active life and sought to live with great thoughts in cloisters; and women, whether in



convents or in homes, led cloistered lives, with rare exceptions, without part in the busy affairs outside. To-day it is equally rare to find one who is not caught in the meshes of several organizations, through each of which she enlarges her own individuality and in turn gives influence to the progressive whole. Thought for thought's sake is no longer considered the worthy pastime of men, and sentiment as mere sentiment no longer absorbs woman. The animus of the times calls for action; and thus our augury for this organization that has arisen upon our horizon with such brilliancy of promise foretells the happiest influences for good in its development.

Happily eligibility to membership, while it is a predetermined qualification, is not confined to rank or place. It embraces all classes throughout the length and breadth of the land. The North, the South, they are one; the East and the West are not rivals. The organization, if in any sense it sets us apart, should set us apart as were the Revolutionary heroes—for heroic purposes and deeds of sacrifice such as would do honor to the ancestry whose memory and virtues are our inheritance.

Pardon an extract from an old manuscript, a tribute to the memory of my grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier at the time of his decease, fifty years of age. This man was born a British Colonist; he died a free sovereign and independent American. He was a patriot. Not such a one as alone could fight—he nobly hazarded all and laid the vigor and brightness of his youth upon the altar of his country—but one whose whole life was a comment upon true patriotism.

He loved his country with the love of one who knew how to prize the blessings he, with his comrades in suffering, so dearly purchased. He knew that the condition of men could never be leveled. While he held that their rights must be equalized, that while the poor are always to be with us, they must receive the helping hand and equal privilege and opportunity.

And so this first motive for our being passes over to a purpose to perpetuate, not alone the memory of our heroes, but the principles they sought to establish; not equality of condition. God ordains our condition, whether it be high or low, rich or poor, and our mental endowments are equally various. Probably our country was never in greater peril than to-day, the

result of the subversion of this true sentiment, for which our Revolutionary patriots sacrificed all.

For one cause or another we as a people are full of unrest and insurrection ; never so much as to-day, scarcely more than a century on in our independent history. We are in the throes of the revolution of ideas that are moving great bodies of men into open defiance of laws and good order. The great doctrine of inequality of condition and equality of rights, the two arms of the lever, balancing God's providence and man's obligation, is wavering with a powerful uncertainty and threatening preponderance. The undisciplined mind runs riot with an idea. It does not balance and compare, and there are hordes of this class, thoughtless people, easily led. We could not if we would enumerate the causes of this condition of society. It has grown, increased, developed. It concerns us most to know what part we have in the better order of things, the enforcement of the doctrines of the fathers.

A revolution is apparently swift, but if of slow growth, it generates slowly and stealthily in the minds and hearts of the multitude. It breaks out in a moment and sweeps everything before it.

A reformation is the same in its law of operation. Thus we see the sources of our power as women. We can set in operation all the moral, intellectual, spiritual forces that change the world. These are mightier than the physical forces that seem to govern the world; and all these more powerful weapons are in the hands of woman. The material of which better men and women are made is almost altogether in our hands—the children, the future citizen. All appliances for this work have come to us within this generation, placing in a large measure the future of our country through the right training of its children almost altogether in the hands of woman. It is the undermining process beginning with child life and laying in every child mind the foundations of good American citizenship in our slums as well as in our palaces.

The world is less in arms as regards great movements of bodies of troops, but the unrest of the nations was never greater than to-day, and France, our great ally in the struggle for independence and which has emulated us in the endeavor to give

a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, mourns her chief to-day.

We mourn with the world that has wandered so wide from the right principles and consequent prosperity ; we mourn for the crimes committed in the name of liberty ; we mourn with Madame Carnot for the mighty slain in the high places ; but we rejoice notwithstanding for the possibilities and the memories that the day brings to us, the Daughters of the American Revolution. So let us—

Bring flowers to crown the day,  
Myrtle and shining bay,  
Roses and garlands gay,  
Beauteous and rare.

Bring music, song, and mirth ;  
Let the rejoicing earth  
Triumph in freedom's birth  
From shore to shore.  
Timbrel and harp and song  
Wake and the strain prolong,  
Jubilant, clear, and strong,  
Forever more.

Bring banners waving high,  
'Neath the all-arching sky,  
On the soft breeze to lie,  
Calmly to-day.  
Not with war's conflicts rife,  
Not rent in battle's strife,  
When the heroic life  
Sank in the fray.

Bring loyal hearts and bold,  
Staunch as the hearts of old,  
Stalwart, unbound, unsold,  
Valiant in fight ;  
Hearts that will brook no ill,  
Heads with unconquered will,  
Hands that will all fulfill,  
Strong in the right.

MRS. E. E. MARCY.

## ADDRESS

BY THE CHAPTER REGENT TO THE MEMBERS AND GUESTS  
OF THE FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF EVANSTON,  
JULY 4, 1894.

Do you recall to-day the kind of "*rights*" to protect and afford which our Government was instituted and came into being? Do you recall to-day the kind of "*wrongs*" which aroused our fathers and which caused them to declare that it should become a Republic?

Is it not almost a parody to-day to come together to celebrate "Independence," when we remember what causes our fathers declared to be destructive of the ends they died to firmly establish?

Do you remember that the foundations of the State were laid for freedom and not for license; that our ancestors fell fighting for principle; that they organized for power that should protect life, secure happiness, effect safety, and allow us the exercise of those "*inalienable rights*" bestowed by that Creator to whom they cried in their hour of need and who set the seal of victory on their efforts?

What kind of training in the duties of citizenship have we to-day? Why, it has been asserted—and who can doubt it now or dare call it in question, in the face of anarchy and misrule and with these startling developments all around us—that the "Athenian democracy, at the time when its representatives were chosen by lot, was in better care than our modern examples, for the average Athenian had a better training in the duties of citizenship than has the average Frenchman or American to-day." And to-day, oh, descendants of the heroes who founded what they deemed should be solid, safe, and lasting—to-day, instead of safety and peace, we have riots and failure to enforce law and order! The sky is indeed dark and overcast. Everywhere antagonism is rife and rampant; everywhere concession where there should be firmness; retreat instead of advance; degradation in politics that should shame every descendant of a patriot; warfare and destruction of industry, the very foundations of our country, honeycombed by turmoil, strife, and wrong;

laws openly defied, labor and capital at odds, hating and injuring each other, and destitution and suffering threatening to hold sway on all sides ; and this in the land of freedom, the home of peace ! Is it not time to force the popular consciousness to a recognition that the fact of terrible danger exists ; that these staring and dreadful problems must be grappled with and in some measure solved if we would preserve this Union intact and save our country from these constantly menacing, adverse influences, which fairly threaten its stability as a Nation ? Is it not time to show what love or regard we have for National honor and dignity ? Is it not time for each individual to feel the duty of rising to defend by word and deed, by influence and action, the society of which he forms an integral part, the laws that are necessary to our protection and the country that he is pledged to serve ? Is it not time to become a watcher and a worker, at home and abroad, for we seem to be shaken from center to circumference, the spoils of a license system ? The low order of our political machinery, the destruction of industry, the peril of life all about us, should stir and challenge every soul in our midst. Oh, now, if never before, we need sentiment stirred to its depths, sympathy roused to its height, and resultant service broad and all embracing. We need the best and the strongest in us kindled into useful and lasting existence and action. We need to strive in all ways that, united as a Society, we may deserve our boast and become of incalculable value to the Nation.

In this crisis law will win but a poor and partial victory if it is not established on firmer foundations than ever before ; if we do not rise into a position where we are no longer the stake of the professional politician or the sport of popular caprice.

We must learn more of the early struggles which gave us a country to love and serve and become quickened anew and challenged afresh by our sense of ancestry and our right to its lofty records. Let us study our country's history and politics, and let us learn better its Constitution and laws, if we would do aught to break up in our midst the deadly and complacent optimism that has almost come to be synonymous with patriotism to-day, so indifferent are many of us to the crying need of reform and to a firmer hold on law and order !

These suggestions doubtless sound tame in comparison with the brilliant philippics in vogue everywhere now, the noisily heralded panaceas, and the radical reconstructions offered so freely from press, pulpit, and private platform alike ! But all great promises sound suspicious in times of danger, and until we have done all that is possible with what we have we need not cry out for more unbounded latitude to attempt something different.

We are minimizing our own rights and allowing sheer and unjustifiable ignorance and arrogance to "strike" without resistance ; we are affording good reason for the accusations of other nations that so many of our theories are mere negations ; that much of their true significance is being shown to-day in the prevalent lawlessness and defiant license !

How can all the interruptions of natural order and business so conspicuously and impressively manifest themselves without in some measure vindicating such assertions ? Wisdom in government witnesses for itself, not in the violations, but in the perfection of its results ! The normal phenomena, the slight derangements incident to all efforts, may be termed of small concern, but look at these great ruptures, these clashes, the violence that we daily hear of and have keen cause to dread ; and is not all this peril, the very suggestion of which fills every heart with deadly fear, of tremendous significance ? This is what we cannot and dare not longer ignore ; and for man, woman, or child these are the burning questions of the day !

What grave charges cannot these foreign nations justly bring against us as a democracy if this state of things is to continue or to repeat itself ? Do we not prove ourselves repeatedly incapable of selecting representatives equal to the demand abroad and leaders suitable to their station at home ? These charges are not mere speculations ; they are inductions from long experience. Look at the government of our own city during this time so marked in its history ; look at our Governor, the Governor of our State, who is a crying disgrace to every citizen, and does not his position to-day give heavy weight to all accusations and evidence against the institutions (politically) that could so elevate a man devoid of principle or patriotism, a foreigner and a demagogue of the worst type ? Alas, how can we even expect to see reform in places high or low if persons are not selected

for responsible posts because of worthy character and special fitness for their work?

We need a healthy spirit of unrest and a growing determination to labor assiduously against the ills we are now forced to recognize and acknowledge. We have known the danger long and dimly felt it in the body politic, and yet we have gone on without any full realizing sense of the complexity of the governmental problem, and little care or consideration is spent in studies of ways and means to solve it, and little, if any, efficient assistance is offered by our class or sex.

There is a challenge to noble womanhood in the conditions surrounding the homes of outcasts and foreigners, and yet the very liberty we presumably love and prize, that our ancestors shed their blood to establish, is offered to-day to strangers and barbarians alike, without the least preparation to make it a boon and not a barter. We fairly invite the strangers and barbarians and outcasts to our shores, as things are to-day, and give to them as rights our own dearly bought and theoretically highly prized privileges. Do we, then, prize our privileges as we ought? Do we rank them as it might have been prophesied by our forefathers that we would? Do we fulfill our own duties in ignoring all personal claims on us of these people who have swarmed into our cities with all the pestilent ideas and habits engendered by the repressive conditions of the Old World, the contamination of practiced sin, and a long education in and inheritance of vice? We are receiving dreadful legacies from our foreign element, and many and appalling ills will result from the ignorance and the neglect of many among us who are not fully awake to the crying necessity for wisdom and loyalty to defend our institutions and to render permanent the fabric reared, at such costly price of precious life, in the days our Society desires to commemorate.

There are many practical questions for us to ask ourselves, and only the fruit of time can show whether there will be perfected in us that spirit of love and true patriotism, of charity and true service, which alone can cement relations so that we shall be able to hold our own against ignorance, anarchy, vice, and atheism, as they, united, march against our country and its laws, our liberties and our safety.



The key to the situation seems to be that the most advanced and humanitarian appliances at hand should be carefully studied and used to awaken dormant faculties of sympathy and power in us, and along the lines of education and bestowment all noble means should be constantly exercised and freely used to build up health of body and of mind among those who are now the enemies of the State and the destroyers of peace, because even out of that seemingly hopeless material sympathy and service will finally aid in creating the peaceful and orderly citizen, the self-respecting workingmen, and the parents of the future. Let us by example and effort impress on all below and around us lessons of promptitude, of obedience, of order, of reverence, and of faith. Let us strive for that purity of thought and speech; that gentleness and willingness to advance others; that unselfishness and readiness to help; that generous *interest* which precedes all true liberality; in short, that Christianity which must first be *practiced* before it can be certainly *inculcated*.

We ought to be a Society that protects and educates young and old alike, and by degrees we, as a Chapter, ought to bring to bear our individual and collective influence on opinions, on customs, on laws, and so give to life, in ourselves and all who come within our sphere, a value and a beauty hitherto unknown or but partially realized.

Let our Chapter be an asylum for the growth of sympathy with suffering humanity, the spreading of knowledge regarding claims and duties, the development of marked capacity for organizing help and relief, the learning how to bestow the highest charity, and how to practice the truest civic virtue—a meeting place for that study of American history and American politics that shall result in the exercise of an influence that in future hours of need will leave no lack of power and organization to suppress at once uprisings to paralyze the industry of the country or riots that threaten to destroy its commerce and its peace. So shall we aid in controlling and conquering prevalent abuses and in the doing away with beggary and incorrigible ignorance, and aid largely in the preservation of the State through the well-being of the family.

We must learn that each one of us has a responsibility to shoulder in these days when the social fabric seems weakening;

that each one of us is called upon to do something toward the lessening and the amelioration of that large class of unfortunates whom social and moral movements so seldom reach, the dangerous classes, dangerous because a constant menace to all other classes, a threat to society, and an urgent and a crying need for every philanthropic student of humanity to study and to aid.

Ah, in this curious and complex tangle which we call the social relation let us not flatter ourselves we can escape our destiny, or that if we fail to see or try to thrust aside the broken threads and knots they will not pertinaciously reappear to puzzle and to bind us. As the needs of civilization increase, our sphere, woman's sphere, has widened, and her work takes her out often into the world, where labor and capital are warring. Is she to walk blindly, with eyes and hands close shut, or is she to clearly recognize her chance to fulfill a noble mission, listen to the call on all sides, and spring to do some labor of love and service of deliverance the memory of which will enhance the sweetness of her own life and smooth the path toward the foot of that hill where sits "the shadow feared of man"?

So let us determine to study together economy of force, proper division of labor, directness of aim, simplicity of spirit, and the best methods of practicing the privileges of giving and sharing, yet aiming, to set always a natural and just value on our possessions and inheritance, and seeking that full command of the present situation which will enable us best to bend all our energies toward the furtherance of those philanthropies calculated to impress on institutions and on the "civil service" that which time cannot readily efface.

Let us cultivate enthusiasm for humanity which shall be balanced by sound judgment, and so may our perceptions be quickened to find the surest and shortest way for the working of noble and lasting ends, and we become, in very truth, one of the agencies that exercises large influence on mind, habit, and character, molding public opinion, and giving counsel by our own course, inspiring and stimulating all with whom we are thrown, making the beginnings of the past the achievements of the present, and ourselves "entering into those labors" of our ancestors of which we read and which should proclaim to us with greater insistence as the years pass by those doctrines

which preach love, purity, the duty of man to his neighbor as not second, but one with his duty to God; that law of love which will take in the future every precaution to prevent wholesale waste of life and joy and no longer allow that depletion of material from which States are builded, for it is the gospel of love for the weak, the fallen, the forsaken, the poor, and the misguided which can alone give us the vivid consciousness of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and that allows us no sense of superiority, but an acute and growing sense of responsibility. So shall we reveal depths of fraternal feeling that will do away with all idea that we are to meet merely for pleasure, merely for self-culture, or the gratifications of small personal ambitions or aims.

Let us demonstrate that our ideal is uplifted, our standards made higher by personal sympathy, willing consideration, and self-sacrifice, by practical work for practical ends; and however general the gloom to-day, making a "celebration" almost ironical, yet we have faith to believe that all clouds will soon or late show to the Daughters of the American Revolution (who "look up and not down and lend a helping hand") their "silver lining," for looking to the source of life and light these clouds may indeed prove a "pillar of fire" to light our steps in this darkness, and, determined to do away with half measures and all forms of incompleteness and untruth, living with fixed resolve in the whole and for the good, the beautiful, and the true, these same clouds may prove a cool shade in the glowing heat of noon-day and point us to legitimate places of rest.

Let us indulge in no dazzling dreams of the future; let us battle firmly with the darkness and folly of the present; let us press forward earnestly, and we may be sure of a message of healing and consolation in a deeper knowledge of the brotherhood of man and a surer trust in the freedom of the soul.

CORNELIA GRAY LUNT.

## WHAT WE ARE DOING.

---

### MINNESOTA WORK.

UPON a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, with its verdure-covered islands and arching bridges, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, is situated the picturesque and commodious "Town and Country Club-house," whose members dwell in the sister cities.

On the afternoon of May 10 our National Flag hung in graceful folds from its walls and staircase, encircling in front of its spacious, ancestral looking fireplace the descendants of the American Revolution, represented by the Minneapolis and Colonial Chapters of Minneapolis and the St. Paul Chapter, who, at the summons of Mrs. R. M. Newport, State Regent for Minnesota and Vice-President for the State of "The National Mary Washington Memorial Association," were gathered together to commemorate the day selected for the dedication of the monument erected in Fredericksburg, Virginia, over the grave of "Mary, the Mother of Washington."

The meeting was called to order at half-past two o'clock by the singing of the National hymn, after which a prayer was offered by Mrs. J. W. Johnstone, Chaplain of the St. Paul Chapter. Mrs. Newport welcomed the assembled members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the "National Mary Washington Memorial Association," saying:

"An event of National importance occurs to-day—the formal and public dedication of the first monument ever erected by women to a woman, a fitting tribute of regard for one so truly worthy. The American women to-day unveil a monument to the memory of 'Mary, the Mother of Washington.' Do you call this work a sentiment? I am glad. Sentiment is the mightiest influence at work in the world to-day. 'Sentiment has no worthier child than patriotism; none that has done more to raise mankind. The noblest and most generous motives of our nature are inspired by it.' What more touching, tender

tribute could we pay to the memory of George Washington than to care for the grave of his mother, and how eminently appropriate because of what she was in herself—first, because she was the mother of the great general and the greater man, the great general who led the armies of the Revolution to complete victory and made an independent American Government possible; then as a woman, on account of her nobility and remarkable strength of character, which she transmitted to her illustrious son. She is especially entitled to recognition and to have her last resting place marked by a suitable monument because of the interesting fact that it was through her direct agency that her son George was prevented from accepting an appointment he had received from the English Government as a midshipman in the English navy, through the influence of his brother Lawrence. She thus rendered a most signal service to our country and to posterity, such as it is the lot of few women to perform.

"Her dignity, simplicity, and self-denying devotion to the training and education of her fatherless children are worthy of imitation by the women of our time. In my opinion we cannot recur too often to such shining examples of simple and noble living."

Mrs. Newport considered that members of the Daughters of the American Revolution should all, as far as possible, become members of the "National Mary Washington Memorial Association," and stated that Mrs. Metcalf, Secretary for Minnesota, would accept fees and give certificates of membership at the close of the meeting. Mrs. Newport also referred to the amount (\$500) which is still due on the "Portrait Fund," and stated that Mrs. Brill, Treasurer of the St. Paul Chapter, would receive contributions. She then called upon the Chapter Regents and Mrs. Adams, the esteemed first Chapter Regent of St. Paul, to express their views upon three important topics, "The kind of work to be done by the Daughters of the American Revolution," "The mission and scope of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE," and "The disposition of Chapter Funds." The papers which followed were extremely interesting, but want of space forbids more than a few suggestive extracts.

Mrs. M. B. Lewis, Regent of the Minneapolis Chapter, said:

"The outlook of the magazine is broad, and it is supposed to be the oracle of its members as a whole, giving conclusions and results; its intention being not to lead, but to reflect only the voice and desires of the National Society. In looking back to part first, volume 1, I read this pledge by the editor from a letter addressed to the Board: 'I will endeavor to make this magazine a bond of union between the Board, the Chapters, and the individual members of the Society.' To a great extent this has been done; some mistakes have been made, but far be it from me to judge. A question I would ask, Have we as members sustained our part of the bargain by subscribing for our representative magazine? We find it contains most interesting articles in history, many suggestions helpful to us in making our Chapters more interesting. It is open to the Chapters for remarks, for reports of their work, for all and anything relating to the interest of the Society. Those who do not read the magazine lose much that is soul-stirring and patriotic, and as time goes on and experience teaches we shall see no doubt that the scope and usefulness of the magazine will grow apace."

Mrs. Lewis then spoke of the work of the Chapters, and considered their efficiency to depend primarily upon the ability, energy, and thoroughness of their officers. In regard to the treasury of each Chapter, Mrs. Lewis thought that while we make many demands upon it in our anxiety to comply with all patriotic appeals, as our dues are small, after current expenses are deducted, there is not enough in the treasury to enable us to make the contributions we should desire to such calls as those for the Portrait Fund, the Liberty Bell, and the monument over the grave of Mary Washington, etc., unless our funds are increased by some outside endeavor, such, for instance, as a course of lectures upon American History, under the auspices of the Daughters of Minnesota. Mrs. Lewis considered such a course of lectures desirable not only because of the benefit to be derived pecuniarily, but also because of the public interest which would be aroused in our National history and anniversaries, and that as Western cities, far from the spots which arouse patriotism, we need to make special effort to nourish our own patriotism and to enkindle it in all women of the State.

"Historians have preserved the names of the heroes of Lex-

ington, Bunker Hill, Quebec, Brandywine, and Yorktown, and the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution will see to it that their glory is not dimmed by the rust of years; but where is the record of the heroic sacrifices of the women? History tells us but little of them; it is ever fonder of writing of the sudden foray, the brilliant charge, or the stubborn stand. It is left for this Society to preserve the memory of those faithful women who cheered our fathers on in the strife for liberty; and what is this Society but as it is made up of individual Chapters? I hear women say they have no interest, no enthusiasm, in this organization; that they do not care for the history of the past; that they are 'entitled to membership and that is enough.' I ask, is it enough? What would the present be if it were not for the fundamental groundwork of the past? We cannot pursue too loyally in the research of the history of our foremothers. It was they who molded the bullets that were to drive from our shores the invaders. They toiled without ceasing at the spinning wheel, loom, and last that the soldiers might be clothed. Much has been said about the plowshare left in the furrows, but who has told of the hand that guided, sowed the seed, and gathered the grain that gave sinew and muscle for the long siege and hot skirmish. The whir of the spinning wheel was martial music, as patriotic as the roll of the drum, and the distaff was a baton no less powerful than the general's sword; the click of the knitting needle sounded reveille before the bugle call, and the crash of the loom and the shuttle's quick recall were the artillery of the reserve. Women of the respective Chapters of St. Paul and Minneapolis, this is our privilege, our duty; let it be our pleasure as loyal descendants of the heroes of the American Revolution to hand down to posterity our rich inheritance. How as Chapters may this be done? By educating influences. Every Chapter should be a power for good in the community in which it exists. Is there need of this influence to-day? Yes; I say it reverently; but were it not, we must all feel that this Nation is born of God, and His hand has guided it through to this present time, and this work comes to us as a sacred mission. There is much to be done by American women of the present and future, not alone in inculcating patriotism, the chief mission of this organization, but as collectors and



even as writers of American history. In a word, the mission of the Daughters of the American Revolution is that of restoration, preservation, and education."

Mrs. Lewis was followed by Mrs. H. Nichols, Regent of the Colonial Chapter of Minneapolis, who said: "Our State Regent has requested a statement from the Colonial Chapter upon the views of the members regarding the aims of the Chapter, the use of money, the scope of the magazine. While I speak with no word of authority, I hope that I shall in a measure be able to express the general sentiment of our Chapter—and first the aims: The motto '*Amor Patriæ*,' 'The love of our native land,' we all feel to be the primal cause of the existence of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but how best to cherish and develop this '*Amor Patriæ*' is for the individual Chapters to determine. So we may have diversity in unity. It is the desire of this Chapter to meet every two or three months on a day of historical interest, to have biographical sketches of our Revolutionary ancestors, to have also papers, perhaps, for the next year upon 'Causes of the Revolution,' 'Colonial furniture and china,' the 'Music of the Revolution,' etc., and to make an especial effort to have the meetings informal and social, not to emphasize discipline or the legal aspect of the organization, but to seek to promote a sympathetic and loyal feeling among all the members. Thus we hope to diffuse a larger spirit of patriotism in our city. We would suggest as one definite aim for the near future a petition to the State Legislature to establish here in Minnesota, as it has been recently in Massachusetts, the 19th of April as Patriot's Day, a legal holiday or a day devoted by school children, Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, to special services and celebrations of that eventful day, when, to quote a somewhat hackneyed poetical line, 'the shot was fired which was heard round the world.' Mrs. Julia Ward Howe made a plea last summer that the Fourth of July should not be utterly given over to fireworks and noise, and, on the other hand, to absolute indifference, but wished, for the sake of our children, that something could be done to keep alive—to arouse by speeches, by gatherings, by historical papers—the genuine spirit of patriotism. It might be well for us to consider her plea. Our Chapter is young; it has but little money

in the treasury, and we shrink somewhat from pledging ourselves to much expenditure. When an object presents itself that is distinctly the duty of the Daughters of the Revolution to aid we would gladly do our part. But have not the objects in the past to which we have been asked to subscribe been objects that appealed to all women in these United States rather than exclusively to the Daughters of the American Revolution? The portrait of Mrs. Harrison, the Liberty Bell, and now the Mary Washington Monument Fund are all patriotic movements, needing the coöperation of all loyal women. I know that these have had the support of women outside of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but our organization has borne the burden of them all. I have no doubt but that in the future we women may be frequently called upon to contribute money for historical purposes, for as our country grows older all famous places and rare relics will become more and more precious, and we shall feel that it is a sacred privilege to help preserve them. But cannot the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution create so high a sense of honor among the men and women of the country that all will gladly give; and so the amount from each one need not be large? Our annual dues are considerable, and the petitions from many different charitable associations continue to be heard. May we not now take the position, therefore, that we will endeavor to do part in all patriotic undertakings, but that we advise the council for the present not to expect large or frequent gifts from the Minnesota Daughters? We very heartily believe in the continuance of the AMERICAN MONTHLY. By means of it we are brought in touch with the work of the other Chapters. We read interesting sketches of Revolutionary people and places and realize that we are something more than a local body. We would suggest that there be less of the biographical and more of the historical (from a woman's point of view). Please do not malign me in the magazine. The heretical Tom Paine once wrote 'The world is my country, to do good is my religion.' It is not for us to analyze this concise statement, but may we not, as Daughters, on the eve of the twentieth century, feel more and more that the world is our country; that perplexing social and economic questions in England, Germany, and Russia should demand our interest as well as our

own difficulties here in America? Assuredly we have a duty here and now. I know that all of us here to-day, gathered in this attractive Town and Country Club-house, take a deep-seated satisfaction in the proud fact that we had ancestors in the War of Independence. Possibly there is just a tinge of Revolutionary blue running through our veins that we inwardly rejoice in. We need not crush out this feeling. They were brave men and we are glad to claim them as our own, but, you remember, Emerson says: 'Don't live upon the glory of your ancestors; be somebody yourself.' So we women to-day ought now to use our influence for bettering all conditions. We should try (not by voting—I doubt if we any of us care for that) to have the best men more interested in political questions, more ready to take office, so that we might see party power wane and only good and great men in office in our country. Somebody recently said that the world was to be transformed now more and more by the influence of women. If this is true in education and religion, why may we not believe that she has, too, a great possibility in the upbuilding of the national life? No one wrote a more powerful book before our civil war than H. B. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' No one wrote a finer war poem than J. E. Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' What may we not hope for in the future from our women who love peace and righteousness?"

Mrs. Mason, Regent of the St. Paul Chapter, said: "That we are associated together in Chapters and are here to-day shows the felt necessity of proving our traditions by official records so that we may leave clear titles to our inheritance for those who come after, so first of all the Chapter should be the custodian of our records. It should awaken in us a greater interest and desire to study the lives of the founders and protectors of our country, that we may keep them in grateful remembrance and emulate their obedience to God's commands, their trust in His providence and their noble deeds, and transmit their history to our children as Moses directed the children of Israel, and that we may not be puffed up by family pride and think 'the visual line that girths us round the world's extreme.' We should study into the causes of the first settlement of our country, the character and nationalities of the founders of the Colonies.

Much of the literature of the day tends in this direction. We do not lack for material for most interesting papers—Mr. Fiske's voluminous works on New England, Mr. Campbell's 'The Puritan in England, Holland, and America,' which treats so exhaustively of the English Puritan, the Dutch, and the Scotch-Irish, and many others of lighter vein too numerous to mention here. In this State, or rather in our Chapter, the Puritan element is the strongest almost prevailing. We have had most interesting papers on certain New England towns and their development, with mention of distinguished descendants of their founders. Our next paper will be on the religious movement and the times of Samuel Adams. After that we hope for a paper from a member of Scotch-Irish descent. Later on our Dutch benefactors will be given an opportunity to refresh our memories in that line.

"I think as Daughters we should study the characters and lives of the women of Colonial and Revolutionary days. How did they train such wise and valiant sons? What books did they read to tinge or color their thoughts and guide their actions? Our grandmothers were not tempted to read many books, but they read much and thoughtfully in their condensed library, the Bible. As they read of the women of Israel I do not wonder they grew like them in spirit and actions and brought up their children to reverence and obey the laws of God, and I hope it may not be said of us as of the later Jews, 'If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham.' That ancient book of wisdom, The Talmud, says: 'If a man marries a woman without education and only for money, he will not have children to his wishes.' That our ancestors fought well their part in life proves the quality of their mothers, who were wise in the management of their children, looked well to the ways of their households, and while on perfect equality with their husbands were not of those who, like Miss Deborah Jenkins, of worthy memory, 'despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal, indeed; she knew they were superior.'

"Since our Chapters are united into a National Society it seems desirable we should be kept informed of the proceedings of the Board of Management and such other things as may be of interest carried on in other Chapters. Hence the AMERICAN

MONTHLY. To avoid its being made an organ for any faction that might arise, I should think it advisable that the editor should not be a member of the Board of Management. That office seems sufficient responsibility for one person. It is a well-established principle in the government of societies to guard well the balance of power.

"In reference to the funds of the Society, I think with our former Regent, Mrs. Adams, we should have 'a year book' to preserve the records of the members of the Chapter. I think it would also be very advisable to have a small reserve fund, from which could be paid the annual dues of a few honorary members, who might be in every particular most eligible and valuable members if not otherwise debarred."

As Mrs. Adams was unable to be present, her paper was read by Mrs. Metcalf, as follows:

"As I understand the meeting this afternoon will be not only a social function, but will partake of a friendly conference, I desire to bring before the ladies two subjects which I think should be considered in full council as a State Society.

"The first of these is the publication of the war records, by virtue of which we hold our membership in this Society. It is well known that every organization formed by our husbands, brothers, and sons to perpetuate the memories of their Revolutionary ancestors straightway proceeds to achieve this object in the most direct and indestructible manner by publishing a year book. The Sons of the Revolution have issued a very handsome volume, containing, I believe, the names of the Society as a whole. The Sons of the American Revolution of St. Paul are now actively engaged in compiling their records for publication. I have seen a very inexpensive pamphlet published some time since by the Sons of the American Revolution of Illinois, which contains all the information required.

"Why our National Society with its ample income has not in its four and a half years of existence done this act of simple justice to the heroes it is pledged to commemorate is a mystery that may perhaps be solved by some lady present. I have never been able to understand why these records of the Society as a whole have remained in the obscurity of the Society's pigeon-holes in Washington, not even finding a place in the pages of

the magazine conducted under its official sanction. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has been ready to give its pages freely to record the pedigrees of members reaching back through lines of English nobility and Continental potentates, pedigrees interesting in their own place, but which, it is apparent, is not the special function of this Society or its official organ to perpetuate. The great names of distinguished officers, we must remember, are immortalized in the pages of every American history, but it is the record of the subofficers and privates, who endured equal sacrifices with no compensating honors, which our Society is peculiarly adapted to rescue from oblivion and embalm in the truthful, plain statements of the year book.

"Our Society has done much in bringing these heroes to the knowledge of even their own descendants. It has made the old allusion of 'Japheth in search of his father' quite inadequate to express perseverance in search as compared with a 'Daughter of the American Revolution in search of her grandfathers.' These brave and heroic old gentlemen have been in great demand since the founding of our organization, and we are often surprised when we find them to discover that they were only slips of boys after all, Johnnies of fifteen or little more, who, in the very nature of our relation to them, must have 'come marching gaily home' to their patient and equally heroic Revolutionary mothers.

"M. Layard once inquired of an Eastern cadi the particulars of certain antiquarian statistics. The Oriental potentate replied: 'The answer which you seek of me, oh, illustrious friend and joy of my liver, is both difficult and useless to be given.'

"I think all of us have realized how frequently similar answers are returned to us when, in our quest for family information, such as the name of a great great-grandfather, we apply to some aged relative who we feel ought to know. Their lack of intelligence is only equaled by our own former dense ignorance as to the part taken by our ancestors in the glorious history of our early civilization.

"But to return to the practical question of the year book. We have contributed toward our Society since its organization, counting the dues of the present year, nearly six hundred dollars. The Minneapolis Societies must have raised sufficient to

bring this sum to upward of one thousand dollars. Our expenses as a local Society have been very slight. We have accumulated no relics as a Society; we own no property to represent money expended, except six photographs of the homes of Revolutionary ancestors, the cost of which is not included in these receipts, the pictures being presented by one of the members. The only material return we have to show is a contribution toward the portrait of Mrs. Harrison and a sum expended upon the fund to create a Liberty Bell.

"Now, my object in bringing this matter before you this afternoon is to ask that some means be devised by which our funds may be so husbanded as to be used in the publication of the records of our own Revolutionary soldiers and in otherwise preserving in a definite and enduring form the results of our individual efforts and researches as individual Chapters or as the Daughters of the American Revolution of the State of Minnesota.

"My second desire for the Society is to have inaugurated during the coming winter a series of lectures upon American history, open to the public, but under the auspices of our Society. In case some distinguished speaker could be secured, such as Mr. Fiske or Miss Jane Welch, who aroused such enthusiasm among literary circles in New York city two years ago, the efforts of all our Chapters would be needed to insure success.

"It has occurred to me, in case so large an undertaking should be found impracticable, that local speakers could be secured for a small sum to speak in small halls or at private homes, probably in the afternoon, each lady in the Society being allowed to bring one or two friends. Thus we might modestly spread a knowledge of our country's history in larger and widening circles. Should the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution join our Chapters I have no doubt that we could bring the best talent in the land to inspire new interest and patriotism in our communities."

Mrs. Newport remarked that she did not believe it would be necessary for us to call upon our brother organization to assist in procuring a course of lectures; that the Daughters of the American Revolution of the State were quite equal to manage it. The remark called forth much applause. Mrs. W. W. Rich, of the Minneapolis Chapter, read the following original



poem, composed for the exercises given at the capitol by the Sons of the American Revolution on February 22:

## WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Women of lineage high, whose tender feet,  
 Encased in silken hose and pointed shoes,  
 The minuet danced, or proudly paused to greet  
 Patrician lords—not theirs to lose  
 One whit of real nobility when they  
 Exchanged the silken hose for homespun gray  
 And dancing days for working ways more meet—  
 Those dames whose soldier husbands were away.

Perchance our mothers lost somewhat of those  
 Graces accredited as wholly feminine,  
 And woman's fortitude to bear the blows  
 Outraged became a courage masculine  
 Not lacking tenderness, and thus she grew  
 Helpmeet for man, as even less she knew  
 Of selfishness the more dependent shows,  
 And soul as well as heart of man she drew.

Not then as theretofore a rivalry was seen ;  
 Which dainty foot the least of any bear  
 Its tender weight of satin-robed and high-born queen  
 Nestled at ease in cushioned sedan chair ;  
 Rather on barebacked horse or in a Quaker dress  
 They walk or ride swift to relieve distress,  
 Or bear intelligence ingenuously they glean  
 From British men or drum beat in the air.

And when, God pity them, was sadly borne  
 A husband, brother, father, or a son  
 At morn from battlefield, not theirs to mourn  
 In bitterness of grief but just begun,  
 But from the arms of love death cold they turn,  
 While yet for kiss or dear dead lips they yearn,  
 To bind the sword before the day is done  
 On yet another well-beloved one.

God gave them strength ! man gives them honor due ;  
 To Sons and Daughters yet a work remains—  
 Themselves to be unto their lineage true,  
 And strike from every fettered soul the chains  
 Which greed, society, or apathy has strung  
 As links of steel to bind both old and young.  
 Daughters and Sons, this work is worthy you  
 As any ere by patriot poet sung !

Mrs. Newport then referred to the recent interesting exercises held by the Sequoia Chapter of California in connection with the planting of their "liberty tree" in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and called upon Mrs. J. T. Morris, of the Minneapolis Chapter, who read a poem composed for the occasion and sent to the Sequoia Chapter by the Dolly Madison Chapter of Memphis. Mrs. S. B. McConnell, of St. Paul, introduced the following resolutions, which were seconded by Mrs. Nichols. A committee was appointed to submit the subject to the proper authorities:

"Whereas our Society aims to cultivate, foster, and maintain 'true patriotism and love of country' and seeks in all proper ways to encourage this spirit and strengthen this feeling; and

"Whereas we are informed that in some places they have allowed the flags of other nations to float over public buildings upon certain occasions and to take a place that should be forever sacred to our own Stars and Stripes; and

"Whereas we look upon such action as improper and prejudicial to the best interests of our own people and as opposed to the sentiments we cherish and are endeavoring to extend: Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we most earnestly protest against the use of any but our own flag upon public buildings at any time.

*Resolved*, That the attention of each Chapter be called to this matter and that they be urged to take such action as may be necessary to secure the attention of and action by the proper authorities."

Mrs. Rich, of Minneapolis, introduced a motion to request "the Board of Education of the State of Minnesota that the National hymn be sung daily in the public schools." After some discussion the motion was amended to read once a week instead of daily.

Mrs. Newport said she had written to Mount Vernon for wood for gavels for the three Minnesota Chapters, and hoped to present them in the near future.

Miss Barton, of Minneapolis, invited the Minnesota Chapter to be her guests on June 14, the anniversary of the adoption of our National Flag. The invitation was unanimously accepted.

Mrs. Edgerton stated that she would like to speak privately

to Mrs. Newport in one of the adjoining rooms, with which request our Regent complied only after some hesitation, appointing Judge Edgerton, President of the Sons of the American Revolution for St. Paul, presiding officer.

Mrs. Cribben, of St. Paul, then introduced a motion that the three Chapters of Minnesota create Mrs. Newport a life member of the "National Mary Washington Memorial Association" by paying the necessary fee of \$25. The motion was unanimously carried, the Chapter Regents being appointed a committee to inform Mrs. Newport of the honor conferred upon her. Our Regent returned amid applause, thanked the Chapters for their graceful action, and announced the meeting would close with refreshments. A pleasant hour was passed in conversation full of enthusiasm for future work, suggested by the afternoon's programme.

June 14, 1894.—One of the hottest of summer days; one o'clock; a ride of nine miles.

These conditions did not deter a goodly proportion of "Daughters" of the St. Paul Chapter from joining in the celebration of Flag Day in Minneapolis by invitation of the Colonial Chapter of that city.

A special open electric car, decorated with the National colors and given the right of way, took us nine miles without a stop and landed us at the nearest corner to the home of Miss Barton, who had opened her hospitable doors to the Daughters of all the Chapters in the State.

Our beautiful flag met the eye everywhere as we entered, thrilling us with joy that we had come so far to honor it. Even the flowers were made subservient, only those being deemed worthy to appear which could repeat the colors which we were all assembled to honor.

In the absence of the Regent of the Colonial Chapter the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Linton, presided. Near her sat the State Regent, Mrs. Newport; the Regent of the Minneapolis Chapter, Mrs. Lewis; the Regent of the St. Paul Chapter, Mrs. Mason.

The meeting was opened, as is usual, by the singing of "America," followed by the Lord's Prayer, led by the silvery haired Chaplain, the venerable Mrs. Van Cleve, a woman honored throughout Minnesota for her good works and known

as one of the pioneers. The first paper was on "Puritanism in New England," by Dr. Helen W. Bissell, of the St. Paul Chapter. The customs and teachings of those days were brought before us in a clear and interesting way, the contrast between then and now being emphasized by extracts read from a primer of early date. A vocal duet followed—"Our Flag," written and composed for this occasion by Miss F. C. Barton and sung by Mrs. S. Brown and Miss Barton. Then a paper, "History of the Battle of Bunker Hill," by Mrs. Francis Burr Field, of the Minneapolis Chapter. This was an interesting paper, containing many extracts from the journal of her ancestors. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by Mrs. Weed Munro. The third paper was entitled "American Revolutionary and Pre-Revolutionary Flags," by Mrs. James T. Morris. Most interesting was the story of colors and banners used as symbols of the feelings of men and patriots until on June 14, 1777, was adopted for the thirteen United States our Flag, symbolic of unity, our glorious Stars and Stripes, most beautiful among all the nations.

The ladies were urged to observe the request of the National Board and display the flag on June 18. A recitation was given by Miss Hoyt, and the exercises proper closed with a piano forte duet—"Fantasia in America," given by Miss Barton and Mrs. C. T. Thompson.

The State Regent expressed the pleasure of all present in the exercises, and extended thanks to the members of the Colonial Chapter. She alluded to the interest felt in the meeting, when members would come in the heat from distant towns and from the lakes, and spoke of a guest present from Chicago who said she felt thrilled with patriotism and would lose no time in making out her papers.

Another guest, Miss Armstrong, who for nine years has been a missionary in India, rose and asked the privilege of joining our organization. She said she had never attended such a meeting and felt it was such a privilege, and that she wanted to carry back to India her certificate of membership. Her great great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill.

At the close of the meeting we were invited to the large dining-room, where we again stood surrounded by our National colors,

near a table beautifully laid with rare china, glass, and silver, an elegant centerpiece of choicest flowers, and, after enjoying the delicious ices and fruits, took our car for the return ride to St. Paul.

Mrs. Metcalf expressed the thanks of the St. Paul Chapter for the pleasure and the hospitality received.

The one regret was that all the members were not present to enjoy this thoroughly delightful occasion and to receive the stimulus and patriotism which every such meeting gives.

HENRIETTA JAMES HOWARD,  
*Secretary St. Paul Chapter, D. A. R.*

---

#### STATE CONFERENCE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAPTERS.

THE Pennsylvania Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution held their first conference at Cresson Springs July 3, 4, and 5. The Pittsburg Chapter, the largest in the State, made all of the arrangements for rooms at the Mountain House and for reduced railroad fares, and we all feel greatly indebted to them and acknowledge that a large measure of the success of these meetings was owing to the admirable manner in which their plans were carried out.

Cresson Springs was chosen as being easily accessible and a cool, pleasant locality at this warm season of the year, being almost on the summit of the Alleghanies. A few words of our journey thither, through some of the most attractive scenery of our beautiful State, may not be out of place as an introduction to these pleasant meetings. For those of us who came from the eastern part of the State the way lay through Chester Valley, with its gently undulating country; then through Lancaster County, whose well-tilled farms are very suggestive of the good things necessary to our material life. A little farther and we came upon the Susquehanna, beautiful wherever one sees it, with its background of majestic hills. We reached the mouth of the Juniata and followed up its winding course for some hours, crossing and recrossing it, and never wearying of its picturesque beauty. At last the Alleghanies were reached, and as we as-

cended them we looked down into wild ravines above which towered sombre wooded heights, or could catch vistas of mountain range, blue with distance.

The first meeting was held in the parlor of the Mountain House on the morning of Tuesday, July 3, and between sixty and seventy members were present. The large parlor was beautifully decorated with our country's flag, and over the platform occupied by the State Regent and secretaries was inscribed in large blue letters the motto of the Society, "Home and Country," Daughters of the American Revolution. The meeting was opened by singing the last verse of America as an invocation, and then Mrs. Nathaniel B. Hogg, the State Regent, extended a cordial greeting to all present and expressed a hope that she might meet each one individually. Mrs. Hogg presided at each of these meetings with her usual grace and dignity, and as a reason for calling this conference on the Fourth of July quoted from a letter written by John Adams to his wife July 5, 1776: "I am apt to believe that it [July 4] will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

Mrs. Hogg paid a glowing tribute to Pennsylvania as having been foremost in most of the momentous events of the Revolution; "the Declaration of Independence having been prepared within her borders, there signed, and from thence sent forth as a protest against tyranny; and the emblem of freedom, our flag, was first unfurled over her soil—our flag, which, now waving from the masts of vessels and over the doors of consulates, gives assurance of protection to every American citizen the world over."

Mrs. Hogg then proceeded to state the objects of this meeting and the matters to be considered during the three days; the first day's proceedings to be devoted to the reports from Regents of the various Chapters, showing the date of organization, the number of members, and the work accomplished; the second morning, July 4, to be occupied with the reading of historic

papers, and the third to an informal discussion as to methods of work best calculated to advance the interests of the Society.

Two secretaries were then elected—Mrs. Sullivan Johnson, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Gilbert S. Burrows, of the Sunbury Chapter.

Miss Denny, secretary of the committee of arrangements, then read a letter from Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, President of the National Society, regretting that she was unable to accept the invitation to be present.

The reports were then called for in alphabetical order, and the first response was from the Allegheny Chapter, Mrs. Park Painter, Regent. This Chapter has two hundred and twelve members, all of lineal descent, "many being descended from noted names in history: From Commodore Preble, General Murfree, General St. Clair, General Israel Putnam; one from Miles Standish; one from Governor Wentworth; two from John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; two from Mary Dwyer, the only woman martyr who died for her religion in America." "This Chapter now holds, as a gift from Mrs. Mary E. Schenly, the old Block House, all that now remains of old Fort Pitt."

The report of the Berks County Chapter, Mrs. M. Murray Weidman, Regent, was read, in her absence, by Mrs. Annie Muhlenberg Nicolls. This Chapter has twenty members.

The report of the Chester County Chapter was read by the Regent, Mrs. Abner Hoopes. It was organized January 26, 1894, with twelve members, since increased to twenty-two. One member, Mrs. Hannah P. Eachus, is ninety-four years of age, and is one of the few actual Daughters in the Society, her father, Lieutenant Josiah Phillips, having served in the Revolutionary Army. This Chapter has been invited by the Historical Society of Chester County to assist in the celebration of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine, and in the unveiling at that time of a monument to the Marquis de Lafayette.

The report of Crawford County Chapter, Miss Frances I. Davis, Regent, was read by Mrs. Schmidt. It has twenty members.

The report of Dauphin County Chapter, Mrs. Francis Wyeth, Regent, was read by Mrs. Frances Jordan.



The report of Donegal Chapter, Lancaster County, was read by the Regent, Miss Lilian S. Evans. She gave an interesting account of the venerable oak called the "Witness Tree," under whose branches the members of Donegal Church assembled on June 4, 1777, and took the oath of allegiance to the cause of liberty. A gavel made of the wood of this tree is used at the meetings of the Chapter.

The report of the Liberty Bell Chapter, Lehigh County, Miss Minnie F. Mickley, Regent, was read by the secretary, no representative being present. This Chapter claims for its Regent the honor of introducing to the Continental Congress the project of making the Liberty Bell.

The report of Wyoming Valley Chapter, Luzerne County, Mrs. Macartney, Regent, was also read by the secretary.

The General William Montgomery Chapter, Montour County, Miss Sara E. Leightner, Regent, made its report through Mrs. Schultz.

Sunbury Chapter, Northumberland County, made its report through Miss Mary Shuman, Regent.

The Philadelphia Chapter, Mrs. Mary E. Diehl Smith, Regent, reported its members all of lineal descent, representing many of the notable heroes of the Revolution. It has one hundred and twenty-two members.

The report of Shikelemo Chapter, Union County, Mrs. Charles T. Wolfe, Regent, was given by Mrs. Walls. The name Shikelemo was chosen as being that of an Indian chief prominent in the early annals of the locality. He never betrayed a trust, was an upright man, and eminently honorable.

Washington County Chapter, Mrs. A. Hopper, Regent, was reported by Miss Sherrard. After the reading of these reports, many of which contained interesting items of local history, the meeting adjourned until 10:30 a. m. on the Fourth of July.

On Wednesday morning, at the appointed hour, the members again assembled in the spacious parlor, and all joined in singing the first and last verses of "The Star Spangled Banner," with piano accompaniment. Mrs. Hogg, State Regent, again presided, and Mrs. Abner Hoopes, of the Chester County Chapter, was chosen as one of the two secretaries. The historic papers especially prepared for this meeting were then called for in

chronological order. These papers contained many facts in early colonial history and some personal reminiscence which has not found its way into published history.

The first paper was entitled "Historic Spots in Lehigh County," written by Miss Minnie J. Mickley, Regent, and read by Mrs. William Moorhead, of Pittsburg. It contained an interesting account of the settlement of that region by the Moravians, of their peculiar religious tenets, and services rendered to the cause of liberty. The second paper was "Early Settlement of the Forks of the Susquehanna," by Mrs. Charles M. Clement. The third was "Reminiscences of Crawford County, or French Creek," by Miss F. G. Davis. This paper was supplemented by some remarks by Miss Sherrard, whose father had been an eyewitness of the cruel murder of Colonel Crawford by Indians, and who had narrowly escaped with his own life. The fourth paper was "A Glimpse into Indian History Prior to 1776," by Mrs. Charles W. Bassett, of the Pittsburg Chapter. It was a graphic account of the struggle between the French, aided by Indian allies, and the English to secure possession of that important point and to make it a link in the chain of forts the French were warily stretching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico to bind this continent to French domination and Catholicism. This paper was followed by a delightful piano solo by Mrs. Gailor.

The fifth paper was on General William Montgomery, by Mrs. H. S. Schultz, of the Danville Chapter. The sixth was from the Donegal Chapter on "The Lancaster Barracks During the Revolution," written by Miss E. S. Atlee and read by Miss Lilian Evans. The seventh paper was from the Philadelphia Chapter, on "The British Occupation of Philadelphia," prepared and read by Miss Hubbell. The eighth and last paper was upon "Chester County During the Revolution," written and read by Mrs. Joseph T. Rothrock. She prefaced her paper by saying that "in preparing it the difficulty was not to obtain material, but out of the abundant material already collected to select a few facts in the important part Chester County had played during the Revolutionary period."

We wish we could dwell more particularly upon the contents of these papers and the able and careful manner in which they

were prepared, but as they will be published in full, together with all the proceedings of the three days' meeting, they will be within reach of all the members of the Pennsylvania Chapters. At the conclusion of the last paper a rising vote of thanks was given to the ladies who had prepared and read them. The meeting then adjourned until 9:30 a. m. of the following day.

In the afternoon all of the members assembled on the back piazza of the Mountain House and were photographed in a group. The picture will be a pleasant souvenir of this harmonious and successful conference of the Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution.

The ladies of the Pittsburg Chapter had arranged for a delightful concert, which was given in the parlor in the evening. The National airs were first played by an orchestra engaged by the house, and while they were played the audience rose and remained standing. This is but a fitting mark of respect to our country's songs and should always, we think, be shown. Vocal solos and duets were delightfully sung by Mrs. Martin and Miss Kennard from Pittsburg. One had a delicious, clear soprano voice, and the other a sweet, sympathetic contralto, and in the duets they blended beautifully. As a finale, Mrs. Martin sang with much spirit "The Star Spangled Banner," with orchestral accompaniment.

The third and last meeting was held on Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Louis Scott, of Lock Haven, and Miss Huber, of Philadelphia, were elected secretaries, and the morning was devoted to an informal discussion upon the best methods of work in the Chapters.

Mrs. Schultz read an invitation (now in her possession) from General Washington to General W. Montgomery: "The President of the United States requests the pleasure of Mr. Montgomery's company to dine on Thursday next at 4 o'clock. 6th Jan., 1794. An answer is requested."

A piece of the "Witness Tree" was shown by Miss Evans, of the Donegal Chapter, and a photograph of the Shawnee Tribe. Miss McCandless showed two photographs—Donegal Church and the mansion of Colonel Alexander Lowrey.

This telegram, just received, was then read: "Please accept

greeting of the Pennsylvania Society Sons of the American Revolution.—JOHN C. PORTER, *Treasurer*."

All present had found the meetings so pleasant and instructive that a motion made by Miss McKnight that the proceedings of the conference be printed, embodying the full report of all papers read, was unanimously carried. A motion that the Chair appoint the committee of publication was also carried. This committee is actively at work preparing all of the material for publication in pamphlet form, and it will soon be within reach of all the members of the Chapters throughout the State who may wish to obtain it at a trifling cost.

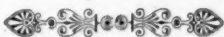
Miss McKnight asked if this occasion should be an annual custom. Each Regent was called upon for her opinion, and a very general wish was expressed that an annual, or at least a biennial, meeting should be held to bring the members into closer personal relation with each other and increase the efficiency of the Chapters. The State Regent thought it could not be decided at present, as there is no State organization, and it was left for future action.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered to the Pittsburg Chapter for their kind aid and activity in arranging this first State conference.

Mrs. Hoopes moved that "thanks be tendered to Mrs. Hogg for her untiring and unselfish efforts in promoting the welfare of the Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution and for carrying the lineal amendment of the Constitution successfully." The resolution was adopted by a most hearty rising vote, and the State Regent expressed her thanks for the generous coöperation of the members and the pleasure she had felt in being able to meet them.

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

MARTHA MAY ROTHROCK.





#### GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Verily much every way, as the fascinating records of the ancient and honorable town of Durham abundantly prove. What Daughter of the American Revolution can turn their yellow pages and trace the quaint biography—the birth, the baptism, the marriage, the public offices and honors, the private joys and sorrows, the death—without living in imagination in those days of dignity and simplicity and being thrilled with the emotions which pulsed in human hearts a century ago; for these plain, unvarnished records of the past become strangely vocal, not alone with the exultant pæans of patriotism, but also with the "still, sad music of humanity."

Durham is not among the oldest daughters of Connecticut. While, among the colonists at Hartford, their far-seeing and liberty-loving leader, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, "of majestic presence and noble mien," was working out the first constitution ever written and adopted by the suffrages of a people, planting thereby the seed principles which were thereafter to produce the fruit of our independent, national life; while Wethersfield and Windsor, Saybrook and New London were involved in Indian treaty or Indian massacre; when Fairfield and Stamford were fighting the Dutch, even while New Haven was breaking the heart of gifted John Davenport by surrendering her individuality to Connecticut; while Mettabasett was

changing her name to Middletown and spelling it with one d, Durham was but the swamp of Coginchaug—a happy hunting ground for the brave Mettabesetts.

Battles carnal and spiritual had been fought out to a peaceful issue, dissent and controversy had been somewhat quieted in the primitive Colonies when Durham began her chronicles. Their colonists had been Englishmen; her founders, two generations later, were Americans.

The transformation from Coginchaug to Durham is interesting. As early as 1662 land grants were made from its territory, and for a period following it was the pleasant custom if a public man merited the gratitude of the colony, by wisdom in council, by bravery in battle, or by preaching a "good election sermon," to reward him by the grant of a farm in Coginchaug. It was doubtless in this way that Abraham Pierson, first president of Yale College; Rev. Joseph Elliott, son of the apostle, and other clerical gentlemen became owners of real estate in Coginchaug swamp. These grantees purchased their rights of the Indians in spite of Governor Andrews's sneer that the "signature of an Indian was no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." One could hardly dispute his remarks, from an æsthetic point of view, after a perusal of the marvelous deed given by Chief Tarramuggus and his tribe to the purchasers of Coginchaug. In 1699 the petition to the General Court for a township was granted, and in 1704 the name was changed, the proprietors having requested that "the plantation shall be called by the name of Durham, and have this figure for a brand for their horsekind, D." According to tradition, the new name was chosen from the city and country seat in England which had been the residence of the Wadsworth family. Among the thirty-four original proprietors to whom, "in the seventh year of our sovereign, Lady Ann of Great Britain," the patent of Durham was issued, we find with quickening interest the name of James Wadsworth, who, with Ruth, his wife, and his only son, James, came from Farmington to the new settlement. He was the son of John Wadsworth, who came from England with his father, William, in 1632. Other descendants of this family are Captain Joseph Wadsworth, who was supposed to be responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the famous charter, having hidden

it in the venerable oak and retained it in his possession for many years, and General Daniel Wadsworth, who founded the Hartford Athenæum. Among the colleagues of James Wadsworth, who was the grandfather of our hero, are familiar names—Caleb Seward and Samuel Camp, the Robinsons, Coes, Parmelee, Beach, Roberts, Baldwin, Fairchild, and Chauncy. These were soon joined by the Tibbals and Merwins, the Newtons and Guernseys, and many others, until the town soon reached its later average of one thousand people. An enthusiastic historian thus eulogizes the favored town—no longer Coginchaug swamp: "Beautiful for situation is the town plat of Durham, skirted by a prairie on one side and a cultivated valley on the other; girded by mountains, neither too near nor too remote. Beautiful is the village of Durham and its long, broad streets, studded with neat habitations, the abode of peace and virtue, of contentment and religion." When the town was on the great mail route from Boston to New York and six stages daily passed through it, passengers, as they stopped for breakfast or dinner at the Swathel House, would often declare that they had seen nothing on their way which for beauty of landscape surpassed it. Here George Washington and other distinguished men stopped for rest and refreshment. But our interest in these early days now concentrates upon General Wadsworth's noble grandfather, who, without prominent military achievement, was as remarkable as his grandson, whom our Chapter seeks to honor. He was born in 1675 and lived until the general was twenty-six years of age and able to succeed him as proprietor's clerk and town clerk, offices which he had held for fifty years. A lawyer by profession, he was honored by almost every office at the disposal of the people of Durham, and his name appears in nearly every public document of his times. At the very outset he successfully represented Durham before the General Assembly in the settlement of her boundary lines with Middletown and her other neighbors. "When his abilities and moral worth came to be generally known he was honored by appointments by the Colony. He was the first justice of the peace and he had command of the first military company at its formation. Upon the organization of the militia in 1735 he was constituted colonel of the Tenth Regiment. He was Speaker of the House in the



Colonial Legislature, 1717, and assistant from 1718 to 1752. The election to that office was by a general ticket, and such was the confidence of the Colony in his ability and integrity, at a period when ability and integrity were the indispensable qualifications for office, that on the returns for the year 1732 he had the highest vote of any one in the Colony. In May, 1724, he was appointed, with several other gentlemen, to hear and determine all matters of error and equity brought on petition to the General Assembly, and from 1724 he was one of the judges of the superior court. At the October session of the Assembly, 1726, a grant of three hundred acres of land in Goshen was made to Colonel Wadsworth, Hezekiah Brainerd (father of the missionary David Brainerd, of Haddam), and John Hall, of Wallingford, in return for public services." In fulfilling the public duties assigned, his ability and integrity were alike conspicuous, while an exemplary attendance upon the worship and ordinances of the Lord gave a dignity to his character. He exerted a salutary influence upon the town—more so, indeed, than any one except his "personal friend, the minister;" for as soon as Durham was settled negotiations were commenced by which the town should call a spiritual guide, and at the ordination of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey Colonel Wadsworth and Caleb Seaward were chosen to call the council and arrange the entertainment thereof. The colonel himself contributed the beef, to the value of sixteen shillings, and secured from others two piggs (spelled with doubled g), a generous quantity of rum, beer, and cider, and a very substantial collation. The new minister became the strong personal friend of Colonel Wadsworth, and they spent fifty years together in the care of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the town. In their deaths they were not divided, the one dying in January and the other in February, 1756. The Rev. Mr. Chauncey was a remarkable man, even for those heroic days. He was the first to receive a degree from Yale College, and his influence was always powerfully exerted in favor of learning as well as piety. David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary, dates his "frequent longing" for a liberal education to his one year's residence in Durham, and he commenced his classical studies, as did many another lad of the parish, under Mr. Chauncey's influence. He owned one of the largest private libraries in the

State, and was always a deep student. One of his admiring hearers writes: "He was not a large man, but a man of great presence. He looked like a man. When he was seen approaching the meeting-house on the Sabbath we were all careful to be in our seats, and when he entered the house we all rose to receive him and continued standing until he took his place in the pulpit. His sermons were carefully studied and deeply interested his congregation. On one occasion, in his preaching, Deacon Crane arose after service and said: "Reverend sir, will you please to explain further on that point of doctrine in your sermon?" "Deacon Crane, if you will go with me to my study I will explain it to you." Accordingly the minister and the deacon hastened to the parsonage, when lo! the whole congregation followed. It was in Mr. Chauncey's arms that the little grandson of his friend, Colonel Wadsworth, was placed, when on a July Sabbath, in 1730, he was brought to the meeting-house to be baptized and to receive the already honored name James Wadsworth. We wonder if as the years went on and the venerable pastor's tones of solemn earnestness began to show the feebleness of age the little lad, James Wadsworth Third, sitting with the other boys on the pulpit stairs, did not sometimes during the long, cold hours of the winter Sabbath cherish wandering thoughts about the nooning and the delights of the blazing fire and the substantial lunch awaiting him in the Sabbath-Day House near at hand; and if, as he later reached the dignity of young manhood and a seat in the gallery, his thoughts did not sometimes become diverted from Mr. Chauncey's doctrinal discourse as he caught a glimpse of fair Katherine Guernsey among her sisters in the singing seats.

The father of our hero came, as we have seen, when a lad, with his father, the colonel, to settle in Durham, and there his life of eighty-seven years was spent. He seems to have been less prominent in colonial life than his father or his son, but eminently useful in the affairs of the town. For instance, he was one of the committee to review the woodpile of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey, and he later assisted in the ordination of Mr. Chauncey's successor.

But we may now leave the noble ancestry of our hero and trace in the ancient chronicles of Durham the events of his own

long life. Turning first the leaves of the church register, we find in Mr. Chauncey's own handwriting the baptismal record, "July 12, 1730, James Wadsworth, son of James and Abigail Wadsworth." Fortunate, indeed, it was for the future glory of the Wadsworth name that the infant of six days survived the outing, and that it was July and not January in which he was carried to the meeting-house. Two years later his brother, John Noyes Wadsworth, was baptized at home, and when he was thirteen his little sister Ruth, the namesake of the colonel's wife, who lived until her grandson James was forty-four years old.

Education went always hand in hand with religion, and the school-house had long stood upon the village green when little James Wadsworth Third began his preparation for Yale by studying the "primer and the Psalter and the spelling book." In this modest hall of learning, twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet broad, we can imagine the future general with his playmates—on the girls' side, Tamar Coe, Mercy Johnson, Mindwell Beach, Experience Strong, Submit Seaward, Zipporah Fairchild, Concurrence Smith, and many another quaint little maiden, while among the boys were Sharon Rose, Gideon Leete, Israel Squire, Abiather Camp, and Zimni Hills.

A very important influence must have been exerted upon these young seekers for truth by the establishment of the Book Company, 1733, which founded the first library in the Colony, of which an enthusiastic historian writes: "For nearly a century the books were circulated extensively through the town, and being read in the families, nourished for two or three generations strong men, who understood important subjects in the various elevated branches of human knowledge. It was this library which helped to make the voice of Durham potent in the Legislature for sixty or eighty years. It was this library which helped to refine the manners of the people and gave a high character to the schools and which created a taste for a liberal education which for a long time characterized the town. There was no light literature in this collection: "The great principles of the civil and ecclesiastical government, the great doctrines of the Gospel, the great duties of morality, the cardinal virtues—the chief end of man—became in their elements so

familiar to the leading minds of the town that superficial views of truth or of duty would not satisfy them."

In his later life, when the cruel war was over, General Wadsworth was for many years librarian of the Book Company, and the volumes were kept at his own house. One of the lads who used to frequent the library says: "He was very dignified, but very courteous in his manners, as I well remember. He sometimes had a word of encouragement in regard to reading certain books." But we must return to the days of his youth. From the school on Meeting-house Green he was soon promoted to the pastor's study, to begin his classical education with his grandfather's friend, Mr. Chauncey. In 1745 he received the degree of bachelor of arts from Yale College, at the age of eighteen. In this year occurred the death of his mother. Having studied law, James Wadsworth settled in Durham and was soon advanced to office in both civil and military life. On the death of his grandfather, the colonel, in 1756, he was elected town clerk, and continued in that position for thirty years. In this period he was described as "a man of dignified manners, of sound understanding, and of the strictest morals." He was a member of the General Assembly for many years, and in a letter written from Middletown in November, 1775, to Silas Deane, then at Philadelphia, he is mentioned as one of the "principal palavermen in the House." Before passing to his military career we may read between the lines of the town records the story of his private life. One of the first services performed by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, the successor of Mr. Chauncey, was the marriage ceremony of Captain James Wadsworth, as he was then called, and Katherine, daughter of Ebenezer Guernsey, on January 13, 1757. His fair young bride must have been his playmate in earliest childhood, and remained his companion in joy and sorrow until four years before his death.

What chapters of pathos these simple records of the church reveal! "Admitted to full communion October 30, 1757, Catherine, wife of Captain James Wadsworth." "Baptized December 25, 1757, daughter of Captain James and Katherine Wadsworth."

Facing that mysterious door of motherhood which swings both ways, her mind full of sweet and solemn thoughts, Kath-

erine Wadsworth consecrated hopes and fears alike upon the simple altar of the little village church. We turn the yellow leaf and find the record: "Died February 2, 1759, Abigail, daughter of Captain James and Katherine Wadsworth," for the little namesake of the general's mother lived hardly more than a year. Another daughter, Catherine, came to comfort the saddened home, but in 1763, in her third year, her name is entered in General Wadsworth's own handwriting among the deaths.

We greatly regret that the military achievements of our hero are so inadequately recorded. It would have been an inspiration to the Daughters of the American Revolution to dwell upon the details of the life of the general as fully as we have upon those of the man; but at present we can only enumerate his offices and let the imagination complete the picture of his military greatness. In 1775, being colonel of the militia, he was appointed with others a committee to provide for the officers and soldiers who were prisoners of war.

In consequence of a pressing request from General Washington in January, 1776, the Council of Safety voted that four regiments be raised, each to consist of seven hundred and twenty-eight men, including officers, to serve at the camp near Boston until the 1st of April. The first regiment thus raised was placed under the command of Colonel James Wadsworth, Lieutenant Colonel Comfort Sage, and Major Dyer Throop. The General Assembly of Connecticut, at the December session, 1776, formed the militia of the State into six brigades under two major generals and six brigadier generals. James Wadsworth was at once chosen one of the six brigadier generals, and later he was appointed second major general.

He was for one session a member of the Continental Congress. In 1777 he was one of an important committee appointed to revise the militia laws of the State for the more effectual defense of the country. In March, 1777, General Wadsworth was ordered to march one-fourth of his brigade to New Haven to defend the coast. In April, 1778, the Council of Safety directed him to inquire into the state of the guards at New Haven and to dismiss the militia there, in whole or in part, at his discretion. For a time he was a member of the Council of Safety in

the State. For several years he was justice of the quorum, and then judge of the court of common pleas in New Haven County. In 1776-'77 he was controller of public accounts in the State, and from 1785 to 1789 he was member of the Council. Colonel Elihu Chauncey, the eldest son of the minister, though twenty years his senior, was a congenial associate, and between them there existed a strong and generous friendship. They were both men of the highest moral principle, which no office could bribe them to desert. Both were, to some extent, martyrs to their principles. When the Revolutionary War was impending Colonel Chauncey refused to violate his oath of allegiance to Great Britain. He therefore, from high moral consideration, gave up public office, but he continued to enjoy the confidence of his fellow-men, because they considered him true to his principles of honor and moral obligations. When in 1788 the new Federal Constitution was brought before the State convention at Hartford for adoption or rejection, General Wadsworth made the great speech against it. The special town meeting which had appointed General Wadsworth a delegate to this convention had rejected the Federal Constitution, four voting in favor and sixty-seven against it. In taking the vote, those on either side of the question were arranged in line, running south on the green from the south door of the meeting-house. In one line four, in the other sixty-seven. The vote was given in the negative from the apprehension of the people of the town that the Federal Government to be created by it would take advantage of the powers delegated to it to assume other powers not delegated. This fear remained with General Wadsworth. He thought that, though the convention that formed it supposed that they had guarded the rights of the States, advantage would be taken of it in times of popular excitement to encroach on the rights of the States. However, the vote at the Hartford State convention stood one hundred and twenty-eight in favor to forty against the new Constitution; and afterward, on high moral grounds, he always refused to take an oath to support the Federal Constitution. His oath of fidelity to Connecticut, in his judgment, would be violated by taking that oath. He was offered office—even, it is said, that of Governor of the

State—but no ; he must remain true to his oath of fidelity to the State of Connecticut.

In the year 1794, notwithstanding his refusal to take the oath to support the Constitution, the General Assembly appointed him to "settle accounts between the State of New York and the State of Connecticut and to receive the balance which may be due this State on such a settlement."

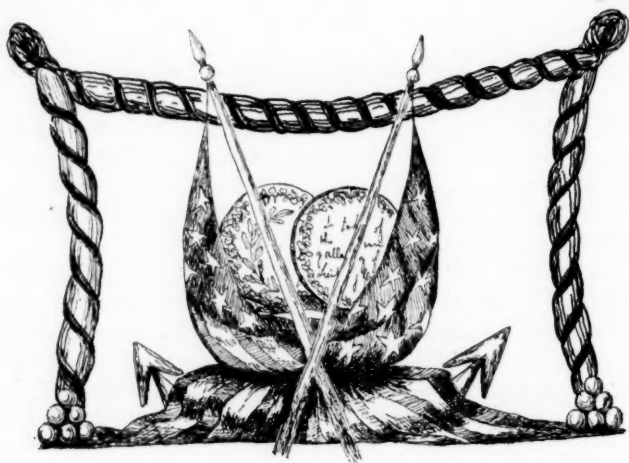
A letter is in existence, in copy at least, written by Jonathan Trumbull in 1777 to Major General Wadsworth, concerning the exchange of prisoners, in which, in the stately fashion of olden days, he signs himself, "I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, Jonathan Trumbull."

Of the later life of General Wadsworth there remains but little to record. One of the historians of Durham writes: "I remember that the boys of the Center School, often when they saw General Wadsworth coming on his Narragansett pacer, with his large, erect, military figure, with his broad-brimmed hat and his Olympian locks, would run across the green to the road to take off their hats and make a low bow. This courtesy he returned to each one of us, taking his hat quite off and bowing to each one. Thus he encouraged good manners, of which he was a model." By invitation of his nephews, James and William, who had amassed great wealth and honor in Geneseo, New York, he spent a year or more with them; but, though surrounded with everything that he could desire, his heart yearned for Durham, and there he remained, honored and beloved, until on the 22d of September, 1817, his life of eighty-seven years came to its close.

On account of the high offices in civil and military life which General Wadsworth honorably filled and the intrinsic excellence of his character, both intellectual and moral, the Daughters of the American Revolution in Middletown may well be proud to bear his name.

LOUISE MCCOY NORTH.





### ONE HERO.

A COMPARATIVE study of the history of those nations we may strictly call modern presents to our view many wonderful victories gained by armies, many acts of personal bravery, the deeds of men inspired by patriotism, and battling to the death for those rights an inherent love of which is implanted in the human breast. Undoubtedly they have been important factors in promoting the evolution of the world's progress in the ethics of good government; but in the history of no country have the wars been signalized by more surprising victories in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, or victories pregnant with greater results, than in the history of the United States. So numerous were these instances in our first struggle for independence and in the wars immediately following that we might almost say our history was unique. Certainly it has been so in the outcome of those wars—the rise of a great and powerful nation, whose life was conceived in the breasts of a mere handful of sturdy yeomen enthusiastically arrayed against a great power, determined to oppress them with legislation the result of the doctrine of the “divine right of kings,” and acting on the principle that “might makes right.”

Dear to the hearts of our countrymen are the names of Lexington and Concord, for here was offered up on the altar of pure

and exalted patriotism the initiatory sacrifice of the blood which has since been so freely given by a devoted people in order that their country's life might be saved and she continue a living link in the chain of nations.

The old fable of the dragon's teeth has repeated itself in the history of our country, and from a soil bathed and enriched by the crimson tide which flowed on that bright morning of April 19, 1775, sprang a race of sturdy sons of the soil armed with the sword of a righteous cause, unsheathed to fight for the triumph of right over wrong, protected by the shield of a faith that the right would triumph over the wrong, and proclaimers of that liberty, equality, and fraternity which gives assurance that eventually peace shall cover the earth "as the waters cover the sea."

Since this first victory, fit presage of all that has since transpired in our National history, there have been many battles fought—great in the number of those slain, great in the issues that have resulted—but none has taken a stronger hold on the popular imagination than the battle of Lake Erie. No heroes are more tenderly enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen than they who fought under the gallant Perry on that memorable day.

Of this conflict we have many descriptions, and the bravery and heroism displayed by both officers and men was an indication of the spirit that inspired them, while greater valor in a conflict sanguinary and deadly from its inception was never shown.

On the "Lawrence" (Perry's flagship) twenty-one men lost their lives and sixty were wounded. How they fought was testified by the sickening spectacle after the engagement had ceased. The deck ran red with the life tide of these men, each one of them a hero; the groans of the wounded and dying rent the air, and headless trunks and shattered limbs were strewn in all directions.

Among those engaged in the battle of Lake Erie none fought with greater bravery than John Joliffe Yarnall, Commodore Perry's first lieutenant, and none received greater commendation from a grateful country. Lieutenant Yarnall was descended

from an English family, who early emigrated to "the new countrie in order that they might enjoy the freedom to worshipping God" as they thought right. They were Quakers, and when living in England bore for their coat of arms two hands clasped in friendship.

This boy, born of Quaker parents and reared amid Quaker influences, was nevertheless from earliest childhood impressed with a strong desire for a military life. The stirring times in which he lived no doubt influenced him, as did also the knowledge that an uncle had been put to death, in the presence of his wife and children, by a body of English soldiers for refusing to fight against the land of his adoption and in opposition to his Quaker principles. This atrocious act imbued him with an inveterate hatred for a nation whose soldiery had perpetrated so great a crime against an innocent member of his family. Headly, in his "Battles of the Lakes," does full honor to the men who took part in this deadly conflict, and especially praises the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Yarnall.

In writing of this most memorable battle a historian says: "The dying who strewed the deck would turn their eyes in mute inquiry upon their youthful commander as if to be told they had done their duty. The living, as a sweeping shot sent huge gaps in the ranks of their companions, looked a moment into his face to read its expression and then stepped quietly into the places left vacant by those who had fallen."

"Lieutenant Yarnall, with a red handkerchief bound around his neck and another around his head to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, his nose swelled to a monstrous size from a splinter having passed through it, disfigured and covered with gore, moved amid this terrific scene, the very genius of havoc and carnage. All the men in his command were killed; he asked Perry for more. The men were given him only to share the fate of those first under his command. Again he asked the commodore for reinforcements, to be told, so great was the carnage, there were no more men, and he must 'get along by himself and man his own guns.'"

In Commodore Perry's second dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy he said: "When I went aboard the 'Niagara' I left the 'Lawrence' in charge of Lieutenant John J. Yarnall, who

I was convinced from the bravery already displayed by him would do what would comport with the honor of the flag."

An epic poem by Richard Emmons, written to commemorate the heroes of the war of 1812, contains the following lines on Lieutenant Yarnall:

At length the "Lawrence" scarce could man a gun ;  
To Yarnall Perry feelingly begun ;  
His cheek was swelled and black, his arm was broke,  
His thigh was bleeding ; still an untamed look  
Revealed to Perry that his soul yet stood  
Firm like an oak, the proudest of the wood.  
"Yarnall, defensive with the 'Lawrence' stand ;  
Thy blood will be an unction to the land.  
From this to the 'Niagara' I sail,  
And urge her forth, if heaven inspire the gale.  
The valiant live not long ; when dead they bloom ;  
Yea, wreathes of glory flourish on their tomb ;  
A hero grows and brightens in his fame  
Like the fixed star that pours a quenchless flame.

These lines may not belong to a high order of poetry, but they present a vivid picture of a most sanguinary conflict, engaged in by men animated with so high and noble a purpose that, looking back on them in after years, they appear against that lurid background of smoke and flame like the Titans of old battling against their unjust and unnatural parent. As from the blood drops of those Titans sprang Aphrodite, most beautiful goddess, created to palliate the woes of life, so from this battle and those which preceded and followed it was evolved Columbia Victrix as the result of our struggles—youngest of the great nations, raised from between the oceans to help to mold the destinies of the race and be to the world the grand object-lesson of a Government that is "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

For his gallant conduct in the battle of Lake Erie Lieutenant Yarnall was highly honored by his country, and three States—New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia—especially vied to commemorate his services by testimonials of respect and admiration.

The State of New York presented him with a gold medal, and Pennsylvania with one of silver, each bearing inscriptions testifying to his bravery. Virginia, Lieutenant Yarnall's native

State, presented him with a fine sword in a silver scabbard plated with gold. This sword bears the following inscription: "In testimony of the undaunted gallantry of Lieutenant John Joliffe Yarnall, of the United States ship 'Lawrence,' under Commodore Perry, in the capture of the whole English fleet, the State of Virginia bestows this sword."

These interesting relics are still in possession of the descendants of Lieutenant Yarnall. The sword and silver medal belong to Mr. John J. Yarnall, now of St. Louis, Missouri; the gold medal to Professor Mordecai Yarnall, of the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., who, on his death, willed it to his son, Dr. John Yarnall, of Washington, D. C.

During the late war the sword was worn by General Kelley in several battles, having been loaned him by Mr. Yarnall, who was pleased to have it used in the service of that country which had so highly honored his ancestor in its bestowal. Friends, however, fearing the loss of so valuable a relic, induced Mr. Yarnall to have it returned to him. This historic sword and the medals were exhibited at the great Sanitary Fair held in Philadelphia during the late war.

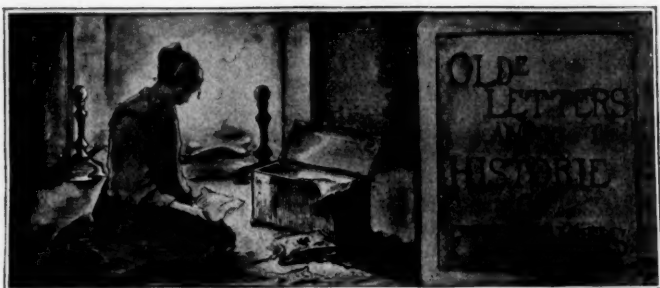
Virginia during the civil war, was like the old Graem's land, the debatable land between North and South, and was so constantly overrun that no one felt certain of retaining property or valuables of any description. An old slave woman devoted to the family, and who at the advanced age of ninety-eight still remains in it, herself a relic of the old régime, conceived the idea that these sacred mementoes were not safe in the place where they were usually kept, and might be appropriated by marauding bands merely for the value of the metal of which they were composed. Mary's master proposed depositing them in the safety vault of a bank; but, with the authority no one knew better how to assume than these old and devoted slave women of Southern families, she said, "No; banks might be robbed or burn down. She had cared for old massa's sword all her life and she was still able to do so." One morning the sword and medal had disappeared from their accustomed place, and for a time all was dismay and consternation, as it was supposed they had been stolen. However, on being questioned, Mary told her master she had hidden them, but refused to divulge where they

had been secreted ; nor did she do so until after peace was declared, when, going to the orchard, she dug them up from the roots of an apple tree.

The death of Lieutenant Yarnall was thus announced to the Navy Department : " John J. Yarnall, first lieutenant, warranted as midshipman January 16th, 1809, commissioned as lieutenant July 24th, 1813, was lost in the ' Epervier ' on his return from Algiers ; was last seen when within twenty-four hours of land."

Thus died one of the many who have willingly laid life and happiness on the altar of patriotism.





### GOSSIP ABOUT COLONIAL WOMEN.

FIRST, I will tell you some stories of the women of my old own Colony of Connecticut, who, although Puritan in their religion, seemed to have held in common with their Knickerbocker sisters of New York, and Quakers of Pennsylvania, and Catholics of Maryland, the same lovable as well as heroic qualities.

The spirit that led Susanna Hooker, wife of Rev. Thomas Hooker, the founder of the Colony, to let herself be removed while ill, and borne on a litter through the woods from Newtown, Massachusetts, to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1636, is typical. In the War of the Revolution Faith Trumbull, wife of Governor Jonathan Trumbull ("Brother Jonathan"), was at church with her husband at Lebanon, Connecticut, one Sunday morning when an appeal was made for contributions of all kinds for the suffering soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. In the words of Stuart, the historian—

Madam Faith Trumbull rose from her seat near her husband, threw off from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak, a present from Count Rochambeau, commander-in-chief of the French allied army, and advancing near the pulpit laid it at the altar as her offering to those who in the midst of war and suffering were fighting the great battle of freedom.

It was afterwards taken, cut into narrow strips, and employed as trimmings to stripe the dress of American soldiers.

The history of the Griswold family, of Black Hall, Connecticut, who for over two hundred years have lived at the old home in Lyme, near the mouth of the Connecticut River, is full of interesting anecdotes of the old days, of which I will give you a few samples.

I quote from a paper by Professor E. Salisbury, of Yale, pub-



lished in the Magazine of American History of March, 1884, some stories of the love affairs of Matthew Griswold, who was deputy governor of the Colony from 1771 to 1784 and Governor from 1784 to 1786 :

He had some time desired to marry a lady in Durham, Connecticut, of a family since distinguished in western New York. She, however, preferred to marry a physician, and kept Matthew Griswold in waiting, ready to accept him in case the doctor did not come forward. With some intimation of this state of affairs, and aroused by it, Matthew Griswold at last pressed the lady for a decision. She answered hesitatingly that she "wished for more time." "Madam," said he, rising with decision, "I give you your lifetime," and withdrew. She took her lifetime and never married. Naturally diffident as he was and rendered by this discomfiture still more self-distrustful, he might have never approached a lady again. His second cousin, Ursula Wolcott, and he had exchanged visits at the houses of their parents from childhood till a confiding affection had grown up between them. His feelings were understood, but not declared. Time passed; it might be that he would take his lifetime. At last Ursula, with the resolution, energy, and good sense which characterized her, seeing the situation, rose to its control. Meeting him about the house she occasionally asked him: "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" "Nothing," he answered. Finally meeting him on the stairs she asked: "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" "Nothing," he answered. "Its time you did," said she.

History goes on to say that the future Governor then found his tongue and spoke to the purpose, the result being a happy marriage and its results a long line of notable descendants. In fact, Ursula Griswold was through this marriage enabled to boast that her immediate family furnished five Governors to Connecticut—her father, Roger Wolcott; her brother, Oliver Wolcott; nephew, Oliver Wolcott, Jr.; husband, Matthew Griswold, and son, Roger Griswold, all filling that office in due season and with great credit.

Roger Griswold, the issue of this marriage, was Governor of Connecticut from 1802 to 1812, when he died in office at Norwich, Connecticut, at the house of Judge Calvin Goddard, grandfather of the present writer.

Governor Roger Griswold had seven daughters so beautiful that they were christened by the Connecticut poet, J. G. C. Brainerd, "The Pleiades," but so lively and full of fun that the neighbors called them "The Seven Black Hall Boys," and in the way of field sports few boys could surpass them. The

oldest sister was long wooed by a Lyme lover to whom she was engaged, but who could not make her name a wedding day. One summer day he rode down from the village to urge a speedy marriage, to which she finally yielded a half consent, whereat the lover hurried for her father, the Governor, to perform the ceremony. When he appeared the lady changed her mind. After a brief argument the Governor said to the lover, "I must go and rake hay; come for me if she relents." A half hour later the lover ran into the meadow shouting, "She says she will. Come Governor, but come quick, before she changes her mind." The Governor came, and this time the wedding ceremony was performed.

Massachusetts is especially rich in collections of the journals and letters of its Puritan founders. In a recent collection entitled "Old Puritan Love Letters," which are selections from the correspondence of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and his wife Margaret, from 1618 to 1638, it is interesting to note, amidst the Puritanic and Scriptural expressions of affection and commendation of each other to the care of the Divine Providence, there are many allusions to the comfort of the inner man or woman. For example, Margaret writes to her husband in 1627, and, after committing him to the Lord's care, in closing her letter adds this postscript:

Goodman Cole would intreat you to buy him a pound of such tobacco as you buy for yourself. You shall receive by the carier two runlets of sider; the carage is payed for.

In one of the Governor's letters to his wife he writes:

I will remember M., her gown and petticoat, and the children's girdles. So with my most affectionate desire of thy welfare and my blessing to all our children, I kiss my sweet wife, and commend thee and all ours to the gracious protection of our Heavenly Father, and rest

THY FAITHFUL HUSBAND,  
still present with thee in his most unkind absence.

That there is nothing new under the sun is evident from the fact that the Governor, who must have been a devoted husband, writes to his wife in October, 1629:

I send down by Jarvis two pieces of Lokerum, 26 elles of one peice and 18 of the other; cloth for a sute and cloak for Forth and for a night-gown for thyself, with books for the children. Let me know what triminge I shall send for thy gowne.

In her reply Mrs. Winthrop writes a very pious letter, full of injunction and commendations, signed herself "Thy unworthy wife," M. W., and then, woman like, puts the important part of the letter into her postscript as follows:

I have not yet received the things you sent. When I see the cloth I will send word what trimmings will serve.

For a terse and expressive little letter, what can surpass the following :

FOR MRS. WINTHROP, AT BOSTON.

MY SWEET WIFE : I prayse God I am in good health ; peace be to thee and our family ; so I keep thee and hope shortly to see thee. Farewell.

Hasten the sending away Skarlett and gathering the Turnips.

The wife of the first President of the Continental Congress, John Adams, was a woman of great force of character, as is shown by her published correspondence with her husband. That he recognized this is shown by an extract from one of his letters, in which he criticises the generalship of the British officers and sneers at General Howe for his tardiness, saying :

A woman of sense would not let her husband spend five weeks at sea at such a season of the year. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago.

All the published letters of Mrs. Adams are well worth reading. Her comments upon the missent package of tea that was sent to her from Philadelphia by her husband while a member of Congress and which reached Mrs. Samuel Adams, wife of the famous " Boston Tea Party " patriot, who was also a member of Congress, are quite amusing. It appears that Mrs. Samuel Adams gave a party, at which she served some of this tea, and that Mrs. John Adams was one of the guests. The latter clearly hints that Mrs. Samuel Adams must have known that that tea was meant for her guest rather than for herself.

In a letter of a much later date, written to her husband when he was one of our embassy to France, Mrs. John Adams severely criticises the conduct of Benjamin Franklin, of which her husband had written her, in fondling and being made much of by the women of the court of Louis XVI. She congratulates herself in her faith that her own husband never could be guilty of such conduct, and then proceeds at much length to give him a

great many excellent reasons why it would be very reprehensible for him, a married man with a loving wife, to be guilty of such trifling conduct as that of Mr. Franklin.

In a volume entitled "Through Colonial Doorways," by Annis H. Wharton, published in Philadelphia in 1893, are many charming stories of life in Philadelphia during and after the Revolutionary War.

The book gives a detailed account of the famous "Mischianza" performance, given under the auspices of Major André during Howe's occupation of Philadelphia. In the list of the American ladies present we read such familiar names as those of Shippen, Chew, Bond, etc. It appears that the American officers, who were at that very time suffering the agonies of that dreadful winter at Valley Forge, were indignant that these ladies attended the performance. General Wayne wrote later on this point:

Tell those Philadelphia ladies who attended Howe's assemblies and levees that the heavenly, sweet, pretty red coats—the accomplished gentlemen of the guards and grenadiers—have been humbled on the plains of Monmouth. The knights of the blended roses and of the burning mount have resigned their laurels to rebel officers, who will lay them at the feet of those virtuous daughters of America who cheerfully gave up pleasure and affluence in a city for liberty and peace of mind in a cottage.

The head-dresses of the belles of that day are said to have been so elaborate that some of them sat all night with their pyramidal heads propped up against pillows because the hair-dresser could not make his rounds without attending to some heads the night before the ball.

A clergyman, who was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, when Congress was in session at Philadelphia, expressed to the beautiful Mrs. Gerry his surprise that Philadelphia ladies rose so early, saying that he had seen them at breakfast at half past five, when in Boston they would hardly see a breakfast table before nine without falling into hysterics. Mrs. Gerry replied that she had become inured to early rising and found it conducive to her health.

When Dolly Payne Todd, the young widow who later became Mrs. President Madison, first met her future husband, who was

presented to her by Colonel Aaron Burr, she wrote of him as "The great little Madison," and says she wore "a mulberry-colored satin with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl would appear."

When Dolly Todd was married the girls present cut in bits the lace of the groom's shirt ruffles and showered the pair with rice as they drove off.

Another famous beauty of Mrs. Washington's republican court was Mrs. John Jay, of New York, daughter of Governor Livingston, who shared with Mrs. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, the distinction of being called the most beautiful and charming woman in America. Marquise Lafayette, who was a warm friend of Mrs. Jay, says that "Mrs. Jay and she thought alike, that pleasure might be found abroad, but happiness only at home."

In a letter by Mrs. John M. Bowers she stated that when she was six years old Washington dandled her on his knee and sang to her about "The old, old man and the old, old woman who lived in the vinegar bottle together." General Greene wrote that at a dance at his quarters General W. and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down," adding, "Upon the whole, we had a pretty little frisk."

Bishop White, one of the first American bishops, was fond of telling how he helped his friend, Benjamin West, the artist, to secure his bride, Betty Shewell. West was poor and in England, and the Shewell family opposed the match, and when West wrote for her to come to England with his father, locked her up in an upper room. She escaped thence by the aid of Bishop White, then a very young man, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Francis Hopkinson, who succeeded in getting a rope ladder to her and having a carriage round the corner by which she reached the ship and escaped to England. The bishop used to say, "Ben was a good fellow and deserved a good wife, and I would do the same thing again to-day."

As is well known, one of the belles of the "Mischianza," Miss Shippen, married Benedict Arnold; another, Miss Margaret Chew, in whose honor Major André appeared with the motto, "No rival," became the wife of Colonel John Eager Howard,

of Maryland; another, Miss Rebecca Franks, became the wife of the English general, Sir Henry Johnson. Years later General Winfield Scott, then a young man, called upon the bright-eyed old lady at Bath. She said to him, "Is this the young rebel?" but before the conversation was ended confessed that she was very proud of her countryman and wished that she had been a patriot, too, "although heaven had not failed to bless her with a good husband."

This book is authority for the statement that Benedict Arnold made one love letter do double duty. Having first offered himself to a Miss A., of Philadelphia, who refused him, he later used the same letter with a few changes to offer himself to the beautiful Miss Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia, whom he married in 1779.

In Marion Harland's "Story of Mary Washington" there is an amusing account of a call made by Lafayette upon the venerable mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, in the autumn of 1784, when she was some seventy-eight years of age. The visit was unexpected, and the imp of a grandson took the distinguished Frenchman by a side gate directly into the garden where the old lady was working among her flowers in her garden garb of linsey skirt, the short gown we would style a sack, and broad-brimmed straw hat tied over the plaited border of her cap. She was raking weeds and sticks together into a heap, of which to make a bonfire. With the brief introduction, "There is my grandmother, sir," the boy subsided; but the venerable matron dropped her rake, took the hand of the nobleman, and, as he bared his head and bowed before her in deepest reverence, greeted him with the words:

Ah, Marquis! you have come to see an old woman, but come in. I can make you welcome without changing my dress. I am glad to see you. I have often heard my son George speak of you.

Preceding him into the house, she seated Lafayette, and removing her hat listened to his enthusiastic praise of Washington, replying simply, "I am not surprised at what George has done. He was always a good boy." It is pleasant to read that before she let the Frenchman go she mixed with her own hands a mint julep, which she presented to him with a plate of home-made ginger cakes—a true Virginian to the last.

There is an old letter extant, dated in 1722, in which this same lady is spoken of in her girlhood as follows :

Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about sixteen years old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her hair is like unto Flax, Her eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her.

In the collection of letters by William Eddis, who was the Royalist surveyor of customs at Annapolis from 1769 to 1777, which has been published in book form and which the speaker reviewed in an address before the Maryland Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in October, 1893, there is much pleasant mention of the women of the Colony of Maryland. In one of his letters he says :

It is but justice to confess that the American ladies possess a natural ease and elegance in the whole of their deportment, and that while they assiduously cultivate external accomplishments they are still anxiously attentive to the more important embellishments of the mind. In conversation they are generally animated and entertaining, and deliver their sentiments with affability and propriety. In a word, there are throughout the Colonies very many lovely women who have never passed the bounds of their respective provinces, and yet, I am persuaded, might appear in great advantage in the most brilliant circles of gayety and fashion.

Elsewhere in the volume Eddis praises the beauty of the American women, notably that of the ladies of Annapolis, but says that it is not lasting, and that our men do not possess such good stamina as the natives of Great Britain, though possessing charming social qualities. He also thinks that good servants were scarce in Maryland at that time.

In the memoirs of Alexander Graydon, printed at Harrisburg in 1811, are some very interesting stories of life in Philadelphia before and during the Revolutionary War. The Graydons were a very good family, but had become reduced in circumstances, and his mother kept a boarding-house in Philadelphia. Among the boarders was Rivington, the well-known New York printer. He seems to have been a Shakespearean crank, who insisted upon addressing Mrs. Graydon as Desdemona, which name, shortened into "Desdy," became fixed upon her by the the rest of the boarders. She was very popular with her guests, who loyally supported her on the occasion of a midnight riot, when a certain Dr. Kersley, mounted on horseback, rode into



the back parlor and even upstairs, to the great disturbance of the family; "for," as young Graydon writes, "it may well be supposed there was a direful clatter."

Graydon says that his grandfather was once at a friend's house at dinner in Philadelphia, and when asked to take some punch found several flies in the bowl. He removed them with a spoon, took his drink, and with great deliberation was proceeding to replace them.

"Why, what are you doing?" exclaimed the host.

"Putting flies into the bowl."

"Why, I don't like them," was the reply.

"But I did not know but you might."

His "mode of suggesting that the bowl should be covered" quaintly adds Graydon.

Elsewhere he says "that over the stage of the Philadelphia theater of his day the actors had inscribed the motto of *Totus mundus agit histrionem*—"The whole world acts the player." The writer says:

Some young ladies one evening, among whom was one of my aunts, applied to the gentleman who attended them for the meaning of the words. Willing to pass himself off for a scholar, and taking for his clew probably the word *mundus*, he boldly interpreted them into "We act Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays," and the ladies were satisfied; but, to the lasting disquiet of the unlucky beau, they were not long after undeceived by some of their more learned acquaintance.

Illustrative of the low condition to which some of the Episcopal clergy had fallen in this Colony in the times before the Revolution, Graydon speaks of one of the clergy who got the better of him in a horse trade as—

In all respects to be what was then called in Pennsylvania "a Maryland parson;" that is, one who could accommodate himself to his company and pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe, as occasion might require."

After criticising the appearance and manners of certain Colonial officers he pays the following tribute to Maryland:

There was none by whom an unofficer-like appearance and deportment could be less tolerated than by a city-bred Marylander, who at this time was distinguished by the most fashionable-cut coat, the most macaroni cocked hat, and hottest blood in the Union.

He follows this compliment by a description of the gallant conduct of the Maryland officers and men generally in all the battles in which they were engaged.

Graydon speaks of Major Otho H. Williams, later General Williams, the well-known Maryland soldier, as a very gallant and distinguished officer. While Graydon and Williams were fellow-prisoners on Long Island, the former was visited by his mother, who, he says, availed herself of the opportunity of learning from Major Williams "the art of making johnny-cakes in the true Maryland fashion," and a good part of the afternoon was spent in that notable cookery.

Of Mr. George Lux, of Baltimore, who married Miss Biddle, of Philadelphia, Graydon speaks as the greatest reader in a certain line that he had ever known, and adds that Mr. Izard, of South Carolina, who had traveled much in Europe, said of Lux:

To what purpose is it that I have been traveling all my life when this gentleman, who has never left his armchair, knows more of the countries I have visited than I do; and what perplexes me most of all is that he knows even better than myself the public business I was employed in and which was of a secret nature.

A study of these old-time records impresses one with the fact that human nature does not change with years and customs, or costumes. The men who fought under Washington loved fun and frolic as much as did those who fought under Grant and Lee. They had their jealousies, their passions, their loves and hates as do we of this day and time, but they answered the calls of duty and patriotism then—as the best type of American has ever answered them. The women of that time loved "assemblies" and tournaments, wore court plaster on their faces, and painted and powdered on occasions, but they were, as all their descendants of the same sex—those of whom a poet of our own day has truthfully said:

Such have there ever been  
Since human grief has followed human sin,  
The patient, perfect woman; as they climb  
With bleeding feet the flinty crags of time,  
Not for the praise of man, or earth's renown,  
They bear the cross and wear the martyr's crown.

\* \* \* \* \*

Their fairest earthly crown, the wreath that twines  
Not around loud platforms, or proud Senate domes;  
But those pure altars, those perpetual shrines,  
Which grace and gladden all our Saxon homes.

MISS JACKSON.

## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

---

THE American Historical Association will hold its next session in Washington in December. We hope the "Sons" and "Daughters" will not lose the opportunity of attending these meetings. We can well be congratulated that these opportunities come to our doorway. The progress of this society is not only a benefit to American scholars, but to all thoughtful Americans who desire that their children and the coming generations shall understand aright the history and principles that govern their country.

The time is coming when history will be taught better in our schools and colleges, and, in fact, over the world, and when impartial history will be demanded, when the writers of history will cease to write encomiums upon favorite measures or men—sometimes false, sometimes true—as their own biased opinion would dictate. What the public will demand is, What are the results of all the differences of opinion that have swayed the action of men, when selfishness, strife, and demagogism have passed away? Who were the best builders in the superstructure, is what the people will want to know. If there is a class in the commonwealth of this country who ought to be undivided by walls of prejudice, who ought to eliminate party lines to such a degree that one idea alone should guide them—how shall principle be made permanent in the changing movements of human affairs?—we should look among the men of letters for this class. But, alas! what are the facts? When we read of college presidents and professors teaching and preaching anarchistic doctrines in a free republic to young men who in the future are to hold the reins of government, we say at once they are out of place, and are not fit instruments to make or write history. Their work is more destructive to the splendid superstructure laid by our ancestors than all the machinations of partisanship combined, for, after all the strife and bitterness of politicians, the love of country does predominate; their different ways of

catering to it may be "ways that are dark," but the cornerstone they would not destroy.

The anarchistic self-poiser and false teacher would have men "reap where they have not sown," and when men sleep they sow tares among the wheat, and we read that "the enemy that sowed them is the devil." Therefore let us demand better things from the men of letters, and let us see to it that the tares are "gathered and burned." In the mean time, let the members of the American Historical Society remain fast by the soul of things, and, after the sifting, tell us what of the hour, and who among men are the builders for all time.

---

WHAT CHAPTERS CAN DO.—Write your town or county histories.

No more promising field of work presents itself to-day and which will add so much to our sum of historical knowledge as a painstaking, correct, critical history of the townships and counties of the different States. One of the underlying truths of our Government is that all political power must emanate from the people.

James Madison wrote of the Constitution as follows: "The Constitution is in strictness neither a National nor a Federal Constitution, but a composition of both."

The State was established to enact general laws for the government of all persons within its borders. It was further provided that there should be a division of the State into counties, each with its local government, and that the counties be subdivided into towns, and in many States into school districts. The Northern and Eastern States are so divided. The Southern and Western States, most of them, are divided into counties.

From the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror down to to-day municipalities have been formed and lands held in division.

Whoever undertakes to give the genesis of a township from its foundation in the past centuries and holds the thread in unbroken continuity to the full development of to-day will be doing royal work for the Societies of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution.

A word of suggestion as to the *modus operandi*.

Do not follow the example of some English writers on municipal history. They would advise the seekers after historical knowledge to content themselves in consulting sepulchral inscriptions.

One voracious town historian of Croyden, in an attempt to write a cheerful preface, encourages his readers by stating that he has not, like other unscholarly historians, relied upon copying inscriptions engraved upon the brasses, tablets, and monumental marbles erected in the chancels and aisles of churches, but with great ostentation tells us that he has gone into the graveyards and copied all the inscriptions.

It might be edifying, but not altogether instructive, to a real seeker after historical knowledge to be assured of the fact that—

Here, under this sod  
And these trees,  
Lieth the bod-  
Y of Ichabod Pease ;  
He is not here,  
It's only his pod ;  
He's shelled out his soul,  
And it's gone up to God.

Perhaps a little more definite than the historical researcher would find of—

Ann Twilight—  
Here she lies ;  
Nobody laughs,  
Nobody cries ;  
Where she's gone  
And how she fares  
Nobody knows,  
Nobody cares.

If the town recorder was on a still hunt for economists he might find fruit for his research in the following—one stone served the bereaved to indite :

Of two husbands  
I am bereft ;  
John upon the right,  
Richard upon the left.

Antiquarian and genealogical research are all right, and even the records on tombstones have their place, but no town or county history is worth the writing until the public records have been searched. Here is found the richest source of valuable information. These carefully noted will lead up to the growth of civic constitution and of municipal government.

Every local history written will show us the builders in the structure, until at last we find the keel, the ribs, the spars, the sails in the old Ship of State. Who will begin writing these local histories?

---

A HINT TO WRITERS FOR PUBLICATION.—Write upon one side of the page—commercial note size most available. Do not roll manuscript. Number the pages, and do not pin them together. Leave margin to the left of page and an inch at the bottom. Sign name to the manuscript and address on first page, upper left-hand corner. In writing to the editor, mention *title* of manuscript. The editor will not then be left in doubt, and it saves time.

---

WE ARE GLAD to round out our points of compass by adding the name of Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, of Kentucky birth, to our list of Associate Editors. She is the great-granddaughter of the Rev. Lewis Craig, who was the pioneer and the military leader of "The Traveling Church." Pastor, officers, members, and all made their exodus from Virginia into Kentucky in 1781.

Miss Johnson is the author of "Portraits of Washington," of "Christmas in Kentucky" in 1862, and other dialect stories, and has now in publication "Washington Day by Day," which will be a book of wonderful interest, giving some act of Washington every day from the time he became a public man. Thus we are gathering around us women of letters; women who love our country and are trying to disseminate history and patriotism, and who will work for the interest of the AMERICAN MONTHLY for love of what it represents.

CHANGING NAMES OF CHAPTERS.—It is hoped that Chapters will think twice before changing their names. It not only makes great confusion at headquarters, frequent mistakes occurring thereby, but a Chapter loses all prestige gained by former work.

---

WANTED—At this office the following numbers of the magazine: July, September, November, 1892, and January, February, March, 1893. Twenty cents apiece will be paid for them.





## CHAPTERS.

---

FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER.—On the 6th of June was organized in Evanston, Illinois, near Chicago, a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In response to the invitation of Miss Lunt, the Chapter Regent, some forty ladies gathered at her hospitable home. Out of doors the June loveliness spoke only of nature's infinite peace and seemed to put far off all thoughts of horrid war, but within the radiant Stars and Stripes caused quick heart-beats and stirred memories of brave deeds and heroic ancestors. Everywhere was draped the National emblem, and to each member and officer were presented tiny flags, while the other guests were decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons. Even the flowers glowed with the same hues, and the combination of American flag and blue carnations served to increase the illusion that by some anticipatory process this instead of the 14th of June was Flag Day. The exercises were conducted under the auspices of Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, State Regent of Illinois, and were opened by the reading of Miss Forsyth's "Washington's Birthday Hymn" by Miss Lunt, which touched the keynote of consecration to worthy purposes and lofty ideals. The report of the Chapter Regent was next presented, from which it appeared that there were seventeen actual members and eighteen potential ones, with the following corps of officers: Regent, Miss Lunt; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Burt; registrar, Miss Gillette; secretary, Miss White; treasurer, Miss Stone.

Some discussion as to the name ensued, and the proposition that it be called the Fort Dearborn Chapter was accepted with enthusiasm; and most fitting was it that in perpetuating the memories of the Revolution here on this Lake Michigan shore, which during that stormy period echoed only the footsteps of the savage, and whose first knowledge of American Government was gained from the gallant garrison at Fort Dearborn, that that name should be linked with noble ancestors of an earlier

day. The Chapter was then declared duly organized by the State Regent in a short speech breathing the warmest patriotism. She urged the members to cherish the high aims of the Society and to keep undimmed the luster of their precious inheritance. Several selections and poems of a patriotic nature having been read, the exercises were concluded with the reading of a paper by the Chapter Regent, Miss Lunt.

The occasion was a most memorable one, and the thanks of all present were accorded to both State and Chapter Regents for the great success of this initiatory meeting and for their words of inspiration to high resolves and warmer love of country than ever cherished before.

CHICAGO CHAPTER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—An unusually interesting meeting of this Chapter was held at the Palmer House "Flag Day," June 14. The club room was decorated for this historic day in the National colors—red, white, and blue flowers, silk flags and banners; dainty flags being worn by the members as badges and souvenirs. Several entertaining and instructive papers were given. Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, the State Regent for Illinois, gave a fine paper on "The Battle of Bunker Hill," and Mrs. William Thayer Brown a most instructive paper on "The American Flag," Mrs. P. L. Sherman and Mrs. E. A. Otis read enjoyable poetic selections, and with music appropriate to the day furnished by Mrs. Clara Cooley Becker, this was made a particularly pleasing session to the Chapter.

GASPEE CHAPTER.—One of the most delightful days in the history of the Gaspee Chapter was the celebration of "Gaspee Day," June 11, in Concord, Massachusetts, by invitation of Miss Mary C. Wheeler. The party left the Providence depot for Boston on a special car at nine o'clock, and arrived in Concord at noon, where the members were met by their hostess, who had provided carriages for their transportation to the battle ground and other places of interest. On the battle ground the roll was called and responded to by fifty-three members, representatives of prominent Revolutionary families. After the roll-call the party viewed the monument that marks the spot on which the British fought. The inscription on this plain granite

monument was written by Dr. Edward Jarvis and reads as follows :

Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army, and on this spot the first enemy fell in the War of the Revolution, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God and in love of freedom this monument was erected A. D. 1836.

At the monument the historian of Concord, Mr. George B. Barrett, joined the Daughters, and to him they are indebted for many valuable historical items. With Mr. Barrett the party crossed the bridge to the side where the Americans fought, and which is marked by the bronze "Minute Man," represented as leaning on an old-fashioned plow and grasping an olden-time, flint-lock musket. It is, perhaps, needless to say that every Daughter was impressed with the appropriateness and beauty of the statue that commemorates the valor of the Revolutionary heroes.

Recrossing the bridge, a copy of the old North Bridge, the ladies paused beside the graves of the soldiers who were buried hastily "on the afternoon of the fight by two Concord men, who made a grave for them just where they had fallen."

The party was then taken to the Thoreau House, where Miss Wheeler had made arrangements to entertain her guests and where a bountiful lunch was served. Luncheon over, the Daughters were taken to the other places of interest, stopping at the "Old Hill Burying Ground" and at "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery." In the latter cemetery the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts were visited. Leaving "God's Acre" with feelings of tender reverence for the illustrious dead buried there, the Daughters entered the waiting carriages and were driven past "The Old Manse," where Emerson wrote "Nature" and Hawthorne sent into the world his "Mosses from an Old Manse," and where the "Holy Ripley" also lived at one time. Other houses passed, of literary interest, were the homes of A. Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the latter visited by the Daughters through the courtesy of the present owners.

It was then time to turn homeward, and, with a lingering

glance at Walden Pond, which rises and falls, though "it is impossible to tell what laws govern it," the Gaspee Daughters returned to Providence, accompanied by their hostess, to whom they extended a vote of thanks for a very happy day.—ELIZA H. L. BARKER, *Historian*.

WATAUGA CHAPTER.—I have the honor and pleasure to report Watauga Chapter ready for its charter, with nineteen members in good standing and with a record already established for fine, progressive work. In applying for a charter, I beg leave to make a short statement in support of the above claim.

From the small beginning of four members transferred from Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, with its full consent and approval by yourself in April last, for the specified purpose of forming a new Chapter to foster the growth and objects of the Society in Memphis, we have steadily progressed to present conditions. Having honored me (by appointment) with the Regency, commission dated March 22, 1894, the other three transferred members were appointed to office in the order named in the list appended, and have proven themselves capable and efficient officers. The fifteen additional members are proof of growth. In our short life of scarce three months we have celebrated the following historical events and anniversaries of importance: The battles of Lexington and Concord on the day we organized, Ticonderoga, and also noted the unveiling of the Mary Washington Monument; assisted in conducting a beautiful commemorative ceremony at the grave of Mrs. Dorothea Spottswood Winston, who was a daughter of the illustrious Patrick Henry, on "Memorial Day;" celebrated by making a study of the battle of Bunker Hill and the investiture of Washington as commander-in-chief of the American forces, and are now busily arranging, in conjunction with the Dolly Madison Chapter, a beautiful and appropriate programme for a public celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" at the Auditorium.

We have forwarded to the "National Treasury" the full amount of fees and dues of the first eight new members, two dollars from each of the other seven, and five dollars to pay for our charter, making a total of forty-three dollars to the "National Treasury." The annual dues of the first four orig-

inal members were paid through the Dolly Madison Chapter. We have still two dollars in our treasury, with prospects most favorable for quite a number of new recruits to our ranks and an inexhaustible supply of zeal and enthusiasm animating the hearts of those already enrolled, as follows: Mrs. Keller Anderson, Regent, by virtue of descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Worcester County, Maryland; Mrs. William H. Horton, Vice-Regent, by descent from James Henry Slack, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania; Mrs. John M. Judah, recording secretary, by descent from Asa Burnham, of Norwich, Connecticut; Mrs. Thomas Day, registrar, by descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Worcester County, Maryland; Mrs. Luke E. Wright, treasurer, by descent from Colonel Oliver Spencer, of New Jersey, and from Arthur Middleton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Mrs. Thomas R. Boyle (Virginia Frazer-Boyle), poet, by descent from Colonel Alexander McClenahan, of Virginia; Mrs. T. J. Latham, by descent from General Thomas White and Ensign John Trabue, both of Hanover County, Virginia; Mrs. William Decatur Bethell, by descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Worcester County, Maryland, and from John Pillow and Ensign Josiah Payne, both of Virginia; Miss Mary Bethell Parker, by descent from Thomas and Adam Dale, of Maryland, and from John Pillow and Ensign Josiah Payne, of Virginia; Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, by descent from Colonel Oliver Spencer, of New Jersey, and from Arthur Middleton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Mrs. Clarence Churchill Selden, by descent from Colonel Samuel McDowell, of Augusta County, Virginia; Mrs. Samuel Watkins Morton, by descent from Henry Randolph, of Portsmouth, Virginia, a member of Washington's Life Guard; Mrs. Carrington Mason, by descent from Nathan Boddie, of North Carolina; Mrs. A. B. Caruthers, by descent from Colonel George Davidson and Captain Patrick Boggan, both of North Carolina; Mrs. Richard J. Person, by descent from General James Winchester, of Maryland; Mrs. Dabney M. Scales, by descent from General James Winchester, of Maryland; Mrs. J. Malcolm Semmes, by descent from John Pillow and Ensign Josiah Payne, both of Virginia; Mrs. Charles W. Frazer, by descent from Colonel Alexander McClenahan, of Virginia; Mrs.

Hugh L. Bedford, by descent from Brigadier General William Russell, of Virginia.

We have also elected the following ladies as honorary members: Mrs. B. J. Semmes, Mrs. M. C. Gallaway, Mrs. S. E. Greenlaw.

Thanking you for your tireless help, your contagious enthusiasm, and your cheerful words and deeds of encouragement, it is my pleasure and privilege to subscribe myself your loyal subject and faithful friend,

JEAN ROBERTSON ANDERSON,  
*Regent, Watauga Chapter.*





## OFFICIAL.

---

### APPOINTMENTS OF STATE AND CHAPTER REGENTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 18, 1894.*

Miss Desha, acting for the Vice-President in Charge of Organization of Chapters, presents the following report:

I have the honor (for Mrs. Geer) to present the following appointments of State Regents:

Mrs. John U. Chandler, for Maine; Mrs. William H. Sims, for Mississippi; Mrs. M. G. Slocum, for Colorado; Mrs. Mary C. Prince, for New Mexico.

Also the following Chapter Regents: Mrs. Thomas Hill Rich, Chapter Regent of Lewiston, Maine. (Mrs. John Palmer reports the formation of a Chapter in Portland, Maine, and one is also forming in Bath, Maine.) Mrs. Charles M. Green, State Regent of Massachusetts, presents the name of Mrs. Emily J. Cartwright as Regent of the Paul Revere Chapter, Boston, and the resignation of Miss Emma C. Hamlin as Regent of Lexington, Massachusetts. Mrs. de B. Randolph Keim, State Regent of Connecticut, presents the names of Mrs. E. M. Andrews as Chapter Regent of Moosup; Mrs. Frederick Stanley, Chapter Regent of New Britain; Mrs. Alfred S. Comstock, Chapter Regent of New Canaan; Mrs. Theodore P. Terry, Chapter Regent of Ansonia; Mrs. William Beardslee Rudd, Chapter Regent of Lakeville. Mrs. R. C. Bacon, State Regent of South Carolina, reports Mrs. Kate Cheatham as Chapter Regent of Edgefield; Miss Emma Mayberry, Chapter Regent of Greenville; Mrs. Hugh Charles, Chapter Regent of Darlington, and Mrs. W. H.



Hunt, Chapter Regent of Newbury Court House, are forming Chapters. (Mrs. Lucy Goode Law, Chapter Regent of Spartanburg, South Carolina, reports the formation of a Chapter there.) Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, State Regent of Georgia, presents the name of Mrs. Hattie Chase Kemme as Chapter Regent of Washington, Georgia. Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, State Regent of Tennessee, presents the names of Mrs. Margaret Campbell Pilcher as Chapter Regent of "Campbell Chapter," East Nashville, Tennessee, and Mrs. Amelia Chamberlain as Chapter Regent of the Chickamauga Chapter, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Mrs. Henry L. Pope, State Regent of Kentucky, presents the names of Mrs. M. Louise Marshall as Chapter Regent of Augusta, Bracken County, Kentucky; Mrs. Bertha M. Smith as Chapter Regent of Richmond, Madison County, Kentucky, and Mrs. Rebecca Tevis Hart as Chapter Regent of Versailles, Woodford County, Kentucky.

Very respectfully,

A. C. GEER,

*Acting Vice-President in Charge of Organization.*

Two hundred and ninety-five application papers were presented by Mrs. Burnett, approved by herself and Miss Wilbur.

The membership of the Society has reached 6,175.

### MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

JULY, 1894.

Ruth Heath Chapter, Meriden, Connecticut.....	\$4 75
Mrs. M. T. Robbins, Washington, D. C.....	1 00
Mrs. Leland Stanford (subscriber), San Francisco, California...	100 00

AUGUST, 1894.

Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, Maryland .....	7 25
Sarah Ludlow Chapter, Seymour, Connecticut.....	4 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,

*Treasurer.*

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 4, 1894.*

MRS. ADLAI E. STEVENSON,  
*President General, N. S. D. A. R.*

MADAM : In the April number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, the official organ of the Society, page 402, you can read, "It was moved and carried that Mrs. Morgan, of Georgia, be made a charter member of the National Society." Charters have a limit as to time and number, according to the Constitution, and the term charter member is an expression of the fact that membership existed prior to the limit. A fact, a truth cannot be created at will, neither can a "motion" make a "charter member," as the limit of the charter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution had expired. If it is unconstitutional, the "Board," which is supposed to be the custodian of the laws of the organization, ought to rescind the act, or the matter be referred to the next Congress. If one Daughter can be made a "charter member" by a "motion," there is no reason why every Daughter, past and future, should not be a "charter member;" hence a title without reason or truth.

Respectfully referred and information solicited, by

MARY CAMFIELD WYSONG.

---

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 17, 1894.*

MRS. MARY CAMFIELD WYSONG.

MY DEAR MADAM: Your letter to the President General was presented to the Board, and I was instructed to answer it. It is true, as you so well express it, that "charter member is an expression of a fact, a truth," and it was in recognition of this fact that Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan was given a charter number. Mrs. Morgan stated that she had filled out the application papers, complied with all conditions, and placed the

papers in the hands of the State Regent in September, 1891. The State Regent neglected to file them until after October 11, 1891. When that statement was made to the Board it was unanimously decided to give Mrs. Morgan a charter number that was vacant. She was not made a charter member "by a motion." The motion was simply a recognition by the Board of a fact which, in their minds, already existed. Neither Mrs. Morgan nor any member of the Board would willingly violate any rule of the Society, and if the members of the Society are dissatisfied with their action the matter can be brought before the Congress of 1895.

I was also instructed by the Board to express to you their appreciation of your able letter. I wish to add my personal gratification that it shows the interest taken by the members and a determination to allow no infringement of the laws of the Society.

Very respectfully,

MARY DESHA,  
*Corresponding Secretary General.*

---

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

#### *What is a charter member?*

A charter member in the Daughters of the American Revolution is a member whose papers were filed between October 11, 1890, and October 11, 1891. There are eighteen hundred and eighteen charter members, and their lineage will be published in the first Lineage Book. -

#### *What is understood by being a member of the National Society?*

Every one whose papers are accepted by the National Board of Management is a member of the National Society. Members living in one locality, for pleasure or profit, may form themselves into Chapters, but that in no way interferes with their membership in the National Society.

#### *How can a member be transferred from one Chapter to another?*

By resigning from a Chapter or asking for a transfer card, making a copy of her application papers, applying for membership in the other Chapter, filing her papers with its registrar

and notifying the Treasurer General of the change, that her account with the Chapters may be correct. Copies of papers should be made so that the records of the Chapters may not be destroyed.

The transfer card should read as follows :

<b>This is to Certify, That M.....</b>	
is a member in good and regular standing in.....	
Chapter, City of.....State of.....	She
desires to be transferred to.....Chapter.....	
City of.....State of.....	
.....	<i>Regent.</i>
.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
.....	<i>Registrar.</i>

The Regent signs it as a matter of etiquette, the Treasurer to show that the dues are all right, and the Registrar that the eligibility is unquestioned.

Members wishing their questions answered through the Magazine should address their letters, "Notes and Queries," AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Corresponding Secretary General will take great pleasure in answering any question pertaining to the Society.

---

#### BOOK NOTICES.

"In ye Goode Olde Colony Dayes," by Alvin Probasco Nipgin, is a dainty little volume containing nine choice poems with characteristic illustrations. This attractive book is the production of a young author, an undergraduate of Yale. The unique illustrations are by well-known Yale artists. It is issued under the direct patronage of the New Haven Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is most flatteringly dedicated to the descendants of God's true noblemen, the Daughters of the American Revolution. We trust our god-child will be liberally taken into our homes and cared for.—ED.

One of the most highly appreciated publications on our exchange list is "Public Opinion." If you want to know the thought of the world on American or foreign affairs, on finance and commerce, on science or religion, on education, art, or literature read, "Public Opinion."

---

#### REMOVAL.

The headquarters of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be found at 902 F street, southwest corner, rooms 52 to 54, fourth floor.

The Society has at last been successful in securing quarters in a fire-proof building, much to the relief of all interested in the valuable documents now in the Secretary's possession.



